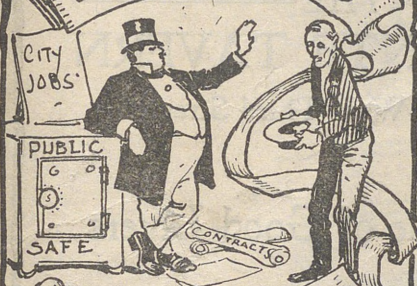


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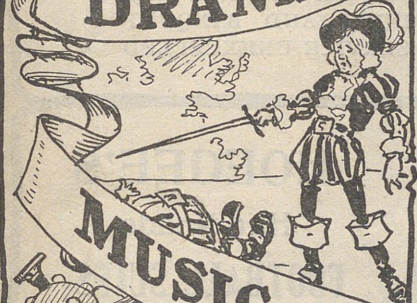
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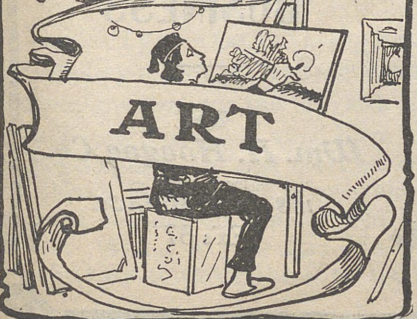
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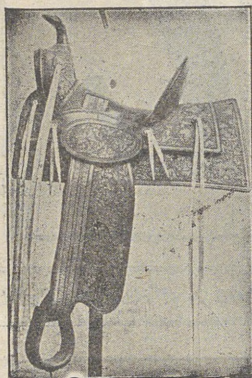
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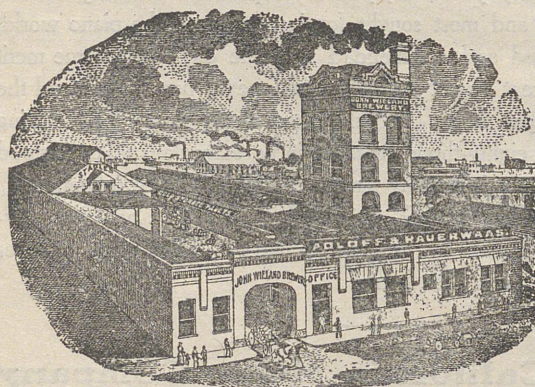
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Who's Who in Los Angeles.



Walter Lindley

The fixed gaze that the artist has depicted on Walter Lindley's thoughtful face is not directed out of the window towards the Mayor's chair, but upon the stately new buildings that have lately been added to the doctor's pet and most successful scheme, the California Hospital, at whose birth indeed, he was as least accoucheur and of which he is still foster father. About a year ago Walter Lindley let his vision stray towards the City Hall and had he per-

mitted it to stay there, he might today have been occupying the principal chair in the municipal building. But Dr. Lindley has always been an astute politician and when it was a question of his own personal political ambition he considered it wise to rely on the counsel of politicians who were supposed to know even more of the game than he himself. Had it not been for the advice of Mr. W. E. Dunn, as recorded in *the Graphic* at the time, Walter Lind-

ley would probably have followed his ambition to secure the Republican nomination for the mayoralty and, I believe, could have been elected. To say that he would have made a more efficient and satisfactory mayor than the incumbent is not much of a compliment to Walter Lindley. He has proved his executive ability in business and has a knowledge of men and affairs which in comparison—but, then, comparisons are odoriferous. He is not quite as keen a politician as his brother, Hervey—that's all.

The California Hospital is an achievement of which Walter Lindley has good reason to feel proud; it has proved one of the most phenomenally successful investments in Los Angeles, which is saying a good deal. I have heard prodigious tales of the amount of money made by this institution, but its stockholders, all physicians, are apt to insist modestly that it only pays ten per cent on a capital of—well, never mind, it is several times bigger than the original investment.

Walter Lindley is well liked and trusted by all who know him. He goes out of his way to serve a friend, either in politics or in business. His influence in politics, city, county and state, has been quiet but constantly increasing; never aggressive but incessant and persistent. More men owe their political positions to a boost from Walter Lindley than most people have any idea of. For nearly thirty years he has occupied a prominent position in the local Republican ranks, from the day (in 1876) when he assisted in the organization of the Hayes Invincibles, the first Republican marching club ever organized in Southern California, until at the last Republican city convention, when instead of seeking the nomination for mayor, he made the first speech of the convention, which incidentally was an exceedingly good one, although he ventured, as I remember it, a quotation from a Greek philosopher.

He has always been an active figure in public life, a reliable pillar of his profession, a student of criminology and "institutional childhood" and has probably occupied as many public positions of trust and executive work as any man at this end of the State,—so many indeed, that it would take several pages of the *Graphic* to enumerate them.

Walter Lindley is still a young man, in his fifty-fourth year, and is as active and industrious as any man twenty years his junior, for he knows few idle moments. In his boyhood he worked on a farm in Pennsylvania and earned most of the money necessary to carry him through college. For five years he also taught in the public schools. When twenty-one years of age he graduated from the Keen School of Anatomy, and in the following year was appointed ambulance surgeon in Brooklyn. Thirty years ago he came to Los Angeles and began the practice of his profession which soon grew to remunerative proportions. In 1877 he assisted in organizing and was elected the first president of the first Young Men's Republican Club of Southern California. Among his good works at this time was the foundation of the Free Dispensary on Requena street, now attached to the Medical College and treating annually many thousands of our sick poor without money and without price. His energies have always been varied but never diffuse and it is interesting to know that he has even been a newspaperman, for in 1878 he became the Southern California correspondent of the San Francisco Post. He has been city health officer (1879), a member of the city board of education,

president of the County Medical Association, president of the Orphans' Home, examining surgeon for pensions (1883), author of several monographs, county physician (1885), editor of the Southern California Practitioner for nearly twenty years, president of the State Medical Society, superintendent of the Whittier State School, a member of the Board of Freeholders, president of the Whittier Board of Trustees since 1899, dean of the Medical College, vice-president of the University Club, an L.L.D. of St. Vincent's College, and a score of other honorary and honored positions. I only cite these achievements as evidence of a remarkably busy and progressive life.

Twenty-five years ago Walter Lindley commenced an agitation in favor of the establishment of a state reform school, which after five years' zealous work was realized, and with which he has been closely identified ever since. His long experience of Whittier and his deep study of the methods of caring for incorrigible children have considerably altered his views on the wisdom of such institutions and he is the author of several notable papers on this subject, including an address delivered before the National Conference of Charities at Portland this year on "Evils of Institutional Childhood." Dr. Lindley is now a zealous advocate of the system by which homes are found for juvenile "criminals" instead of the institutions, which his experience has led him to believe so often serve a reverse purpose from that intended.

Walter Lindley would be a valuable man in any community. He has done much good work and will, I hope, be spared to do much more. He has earned a considerable fortune, has lately completed the building of a handsome new residence, and is a director of the Farmers and Merchants' Bank. He belongs to the principal clubs and can tell a good story—even against himself. Some day, perhaps, he may be well enough off and sufficiently independent of reliance upon corporations to run for mayor on his own hook—and be elected.

There is no happier or more attractive way of entertaining Eastern friends than by giving them a genuine Spanish dinner. Senora Espinoza is the purveyor par excellence of tamales, enchiladas, chillies and chilli sauce. The Espinoza establishment is known as the Reina House, at 462 East Third street, and the Boyle Height traction car passes its hospitable doors.

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Los Angeles Women at Home

By Catherine Robertson Hamlin

III.

Mrs. Emma A. Summers.

Few women in California know what work, as interpreted by Mrs. Emma A. Summers, popularly known as the "Oil Queen," means. Fewer still, put the knowledge into practice. When I sought an interview with Mrs. Summers at her offices in the Mason Opera House Building, I was requested to return a week later. "And please be punctual; my hours are so much occupied," said the busy woman, smilingly.

Accordingly, with a desire to establish a reputation for ultra-punctuality, I appeared in the outer office half an hour before the time mentioned.

"Mrs. Summers is busy just at present; have you an appointment?" asked one of the secretaries.

Reassured as to that formality, he took my card to the private office and returned to announce that I would be received directly.

On the stroke of the clock, Mrs. Summers appeared in the doorway between the two rooms and after greeting me cordially, ushered me into her sanctum. The room is just what one expects that of a care-engrossed man to be. No, on the day I was there the "eternal feminine" was in evidence: a be-plumed hat perched itself on the top of a massive safe and a great bundle of violets—the first of the season—lay beside the writing pad on a huge, roller-top desk. Mrs. Summers is neatness personified. She was garbed in quaker-like simplicity, her gown of handsome black material fitting her in the way that is only achieved by the best of modistes. At her throat and wrists a tiny line of white lawn relieved the severity of the sombre dress. Her abundant black hair, with faint line of silver showing here and there in its satiny folds, was parted in the center of her head and coiled low in her neck. Her dark eyes are wonderfully shrewd, although they soften in womanly tenderness or twinkle in keen appreciation of an amusing situation.

"Now what can I say that the public will care to hear?" demanded the little woman, with a scarcely perceptible shrug of her shoulders and an appealing gesture of open palms.

"Everyone is interested in the person who is successful," I reminded her.

"Why do not more turn their attention to success?" was the irrelevant retort.

After we had grown chummy in the laugh that followed, I asked Mrs. Summers if she were not a foreigner.

The Spirit of the West.

"I am a native of Kentucky," was the simple reply. "I was born in Hickman. My father was a banker and was wealthy. Early in my life I showed a taste for music and I studied under the best masters that the town afforded. Later, I went to Boston and entered the New England Conservatory of Music, from which I graduated in 1879."

"But there are so few real musicians," I said reproachfully, "and I am sure that you were an artist—yet you gave it up for business."

"There are not more business women than there are musicians," replied Mrs. Summers. "In 1881



Mrs. Emma Summers

I married Mr. A. C. Summers and we moved to Fort Worth, Tex. There seemed so many opportunities in the big, booming West."

"When did you come to California?" I asked, eager to hear of the business training of the woman whose opinion is sought by experienced men of affairs.

"We moved to Los Angeles in 1883," was the reply; then there was a pause in our conversation while hundreds of dollars worth of oil was disposed of over the 'phone, and the secretaries summoned and given directions as to shipments, etc.

"Tell me how you came to enter the business field," I requested, after the interruption.

"I hardly know," was the smiling reply, "unless it was that the spirit of the great, glowing West took possession of me. You see I came here from a State where things move along tranquilly, and the bustle in California awoke in me a sympathetic chord. I felt impelled to be in the thick of it. First, I bought real estate and was always successful. During the boom I was drawn into the field and I did well. But it was when the oil excitement opened that I was really taken off my feet. I put down a well on Court street, near Temple and within a short distance of my home on California street. That well is still productive. I used to operate about fourteen wells all the time; sometimes there were fewer, sometimes more, but there were always wells going and I averaged about five thousand barrels a month from them."

"May I ask what you did with so much oil? I

thought that it was difficult to dispose of it?" I said.

Mrs. Summers was good enough to pass, with a genial smile, over my apparent brusqueness: "I have at various times filled contracts with the leading oil-burning railroads and with every large commercial establishment in the city that burns oil. In order to fill these contracts I have bought about seventy-five thousand barrels a month."

"Some one on whom you can rely advises you in all these matters?" I suggested, glancing from the sleek black head to the tips of the shining shoes.

With girlish delight in the wonder that she had awakened in me, this slender, fragile-looking woman opposite me gave her head a slight shake. Then, straightening herself, she said, with an air of dignity which came as a surprise after the ebullition of a moment before: "It has been my custom to act independently of any adviser. I always follow my own judgment in my ventures and operations and I am demonstrating the fact that women can succeed in business if they will study their own affairs and act with coolness and deliberation."

After another brief session with her office force, Mrs. Summers returned to me and, throwing herself into an arm-chair, informed me, gleefully, that a piece of property which she had acquired recently had advanced in value and was regarded by business men as a "good buy."

"Men regard you as authority," I said, "but I suppose that they would lose all their possessions before they would condescend to ask your advice in their own transactions—men do not like to seek counsel of the weaker sex."

"Those are the least of them," said Mrs. Summers, confidently. "Many business men ask my opinion of their possible ventures, as I ask theirs. Valuable information is gained by the exchange of ideas."

"That is to flatter you," I interrupted; "they do not take it, of course, and—"

"But, indeed, they do," interrupted Mrs. Summers, in her turn and with a tone of genuine indignation; "Men are not so small as that."

Work for Work's Sake.

With my assurance that I was only jesting, and that my seeming poor opinion of the "lords of creation" was for the purpose of drawing forth her real estimation of their business acumen, we were on friendly terms once more, and I asked how many hours the little woman considered a working day, for herself.

"I come to the office every morning at eight o'clock and remain until half past five. I put in the same hours exactly that I require from those in the office."

"But you will soon give it up," I suggested. "Tell me, please, Mrs. Summers, what is there about the busy life that is so absorbing," I cried, sure of the fact that she found the occupation all-sufficing.

"I love work for work's sake; idleness is abhorrent to me and I could not live if I were not busy about something. Just think," she mused, her chin resting in one of her palms and her head drooping against an arm of the chair, "what a punishment could be inflicted on an active soul if it were doomed to eternal idleness."

"But you will retire before long," I persisted, seeking to arouse another burst of enthusiasm. Women are "different" however, and it was in a con-

fidential tone and with the utmost gravity that Mrs. Summers said:

"When I have finished some of the things that I have planned, I shall retire. It begins to look as though it may not be very long before that time. I have certain aspirations to realize and—well," dreamily, "they are coming nearer, nearer."

From the business world our thoughts drifted into the realm of home and I asked Mrs. Summers if she had a large family circle.

"There is my husband, my widowed sister and her two daughters. We live together in the big, old house on California street, and half the people who know us are of the opinion that I live with my sister. She manages everything at home and I can assure you it is a comfort to have her in charge. Her daughters are the dearest girls; they are at Berkeley now, in the University of California. My friends are so good to me," she remarked, turning to another phase of home life. "They come to see me and do not wait for me to return their visits. That is one of the ways in which a society woman can prove herself an angel; to visit busy women with no thought of who called last."

"Then you are not a club woman, Mrs. Summers?"

With a whimsical lifting of slender black brows, she said, in a half whisper: "There is just one club for which I have sighed and that is the Press Club. I should like to be a member of that because I love the newspaper women and because it seems to me that one might learn so much in that club."

"You are surely eligible," I said, comfortingly.

"If 'writing something oneself' makes one eligible, I believe that I am. Well, some day, perhaps, I shall be in that throng."

Her One Weakness.

"You must have some fad, some dear, particular hobby," I said, turning from literature and clubs, to the small, unknown personalities which all the world loves to hear, at least when they are connected with a prominent man or woman.

"It must be my love for flowers, then," affirmed the shrewd business woman, glancing to where the violets cast a purple radiance across the matter of fact desk. "I am often laughed at for carrying a little cluster of blossoms, clasped close in my hand, like a little child, along the street. I cannot bear to throw them into the gutter, even after they have lost their color and fragrance. Nothing pleases me like flowers. They do more to make the world good than most people have any idea of. There are plants in every nook and corner up at my California street home."

"And that is your one love, outside of your family and your work?" I cried, almost in disappointment, for I had expected something formidable in the way of a diversion at the hands of the woman who makes work so serious a matter.

"Pictures," announced Mrs. Summers, hesitatingly. "I have a perfect passion for paintings. And I have a number of which I am very fond, but that is not a fad."

We spoke for a brief time of the beauty of California and of the Aladdin-like growth of Los Angeles, which Mrs. Summers believes has the greatest future of any city in America. Then, with a sense of mortification I realized that I had long outstayed my time, and, with a warm handshake I took my leave of the woman who only works for work's sake.

By The Way

Reform and Reformers.

If the researches of sociologists have established any one definite truth, it is that it is impossible to legislate righteousness into mankind. The Decalogue supplied a negative standard of virtue with its judicial prohibitions, but Christ declared that the ten commandments were summed up and complete in His single injunction upon mankind to love one another. For two thousand years the Christian Gospel of Love has impressed itself upon the civilizations of the world to the ultimate discomfiture of the old Mosaic law "An Eye for an Eye and a Tooth for a Tooth." Christ did not preach prohibitory legislation; he was not even a reformer; he respected and upheld the law as it stood, "rendering unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's," but in the Golden Rule he gave the world a new spirit of society and government. The present age is witnessing the laudable efforts of all sorts of Reformers—political, industrial and sociological. The political prophets have inspired a fervid agitation in favor of the people governing themselves and controlling their own public utilities, instead of the prevailing private corporation domination of both; the industrial reformers have recognized the cruel futility of competition and have organized gigantic combinations of capital and labor, effecting large economies but begetting new problems, such as follow in the wake of all evolution; the sociological regenerators naturally impress their theories upon the practices of both politics and industry, inventing fresh schemes of legislation and contriving new plans of philanthropy for the hastening of the millennium. In the meanwhile penologists bring us their statistics, demonstrating that in our so-called civilization, with its ubiquitous education and its legal labyrinths, crime is increasing, that drunkenness is not diminished in communities where drink is forbidden, that financial crime was never so prevalent despite our courts, which today are chiefly the scenes of lawyers' ingenious strategies to defeat the Law, and that the Law itself is being prostituted to protect the rich and the strong instead of "punishing the evil-doer and defending the children of the fatherless." As Burt Estes Howard wrote in these pages a few weeks ago "Righteousness cannot be legislated; it must be lived The Almighty himself cannot make a good government out of bad citizens, or a strong government out of an apathetic people. Any work on the masses will fail without a prior work on the man. Improved conditions must be accompanied by improved character. The multifarious schemes for creating better relations between individuals and groups of individuals must be supplemented by the creation of better individuals to live in those relations. We may build a body but we cannot make a living soul to dwell in it. Given life, it will fashion a body for itself. We shall never have honest government or honest business methods till the people get over their personal dishonesty. The fault does not lie with the forms of society, but with the factors that compose society.

"What we need most, then, is not better methods but better men. If there ever was a time when men



George Steckel's new process of finishing photographs—dry point etching—is rapidly becoming the vogue. The process is one that requires special skill on the part of the etcher, and the result, as shown above, is the effect of a line drawing with a suggestion of wash. In this process the original negative is pretty well worked over, with the exception of the face and hair. The photograph shown is one of Miss Isabella Archer, who is on the Orpheum circuit, and was here in "The Queen's Fan."

The Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra has finished its rehearsals for the first concert which is to be given at the Mason Opera House next Friday afternoon, December 8, at 3:30. Mr. Hamilton is well satisfied with the progress made by the orchestra and promises an artistic rendition of an unusually interesting program. The soloist is to be Mr. Frank V. Pollock, an experienced tenor, who has been singing with the Conried Opera Company and the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York City. The program will be as follows:

Sixth Symphony (Pathétique) Op. 74, Tchaikowsky
"Una Furtiva Lagrima" (L'Elisir d'Amore)

Overture "Melusine"
Salut d'Amour
Finale from Prometheus

Donizetti
Mendelssohn
Elgar
Beethoven

Isabel Irving has decided to renounce starring this season, and has accepted an important role in Viola Allen's production of Clyde Fitch's "The Toast of the Town."

were needed, not great men but good men, that time is now. If there ever was a day when life, both private and public, demanded the qualities that make for sane, clean, strong manhood, that day is today. **No mere shifting of the social or political mechanism will heal the hurt of the nation.** We cannot have fair business dealing or straight politics till our citizens are willing to put more conscience into their business and politics."

The Latest Reform.

These are plain and irrefutable truths. And yet the zealous Reformers continue to ignore the Individual Unit, still placing all confidence in their well meant and carefully planned ideas of Reforming the body politic. Once more this community is to be asked to contemplate the evils of drink and the destructiveness of drunkenness, and voters are to be urged to try yet another scheme of reforming the drinker and the drunkard. And yet it is only five months ago that in a zealous campaign which disturbed business and ruptured friendships, the citizens of Los Angeles voiced by a very large majority their opinion on the present conduct of the liquor traffic and refused to accept the proposed nostrum of partial prohibition. Now comes a coterie of some of the most estimable and best intentioned citizens of Los Angeles who have yet another plan, imported from Europe, to supply remedial measures for an evil that has absolutely no remedy at all except either the only total prohibition possible by preventing the manufacture of wine, beer, spirits and patent medicines in the whole world, or—which is the only practical remedy—by the influence of moral suasion upon the individual, to whom alcohol is a temptation and a menace, and by the philanthropic substitution of coffee houses and working men's clubs for saloons.

Puritanism.

Puritanism in the past has proved very different from purity. The word puritanism, indeed, became almost a synonym for persecution, its supporters insisting on the punishment, even unto death, of dissenters from its doctrines. In the sixteenth century Archbishop Cranmer was author of a law under which death was decreed against all who refused to acknowledge the doctrine of transubstantiation. Forty years later Puritanism itself was made an offense against the statute law, when for the glory of this country the chief among them quitted England, and

"Zion's beauty did most clearly shine
in Hooker's rule and doctrine, both divine."

Eventually Puritans and Independents alike discovered the truth that religion to be religious must be free, and that as long as a man is a peaceable citizen the law has no right to interfere with his conscience. Some of those Puritan traditions die hard. In some of the New England states the law still reckons Sunday from sunset to sunset and in others from midnight to midnight. In Massachusetts there is, or till recently was, a law which punished traveling on the Sabbath, "except from necessity or charity," with a fine of ten dollars. In Scotland a man may break many of the Commandments on the Sabbath with impunity but he "maun na' wheestle." The earliest example of non-ecclesiastical interference with Sunday recreation appears to be in the Book of Sports issued by James I. in 1618, by which royal authority was given to all but recusants to

exercise themselves after evening service in "dancing, archery, leaping, vaulting, May-games, Whitsun-ales, Morris-dances and setting up Maypoles," but "bear and bull baiting, interludes and bowling by the meaner sort" were prohibited. What would our excellent ancestors have said to that great American institution, the Sunday newspaper, which makes the first day of the week the day of days for the pondering of advertisements and other sensational reading matter? I only collate these peculiar facts as a demonstration that humanity is moving forward and not backward and that liberality in spirit and freedom in practice are somewhat more universal than they were a few centuries ago.

Where Legislation Fails.

That there is today a growing public consciousness concerning the evils of the liquor traffic, of dishonesty in political, commercial and financial life, of gambling of all kinds, and all bad habits, is happily obvious and supplies the strongest argument against an all too prevalent pessimism. The evils of drinking and gambling at present are just now especially attracting the attention of local philanthropists and reformers. These honest gentlemen desire to eradicate or cure both evils by sumptuary legislation. If we review the history of either evil we may discover that only rarely has the law proved much of a barrier for those who wished either to drink or to gamble. If a man is prevented by law from drinking honest whiskey or wholesome beer he will find a subterfuge in Peruna, Vanilla Extract or Worcester-shire sauce; if he cannot "play the races" he will bet with his neighbor on the speed of spiders or the toss of a coin. Neither drinking nor gambling is improved when it is done clandestinely. The man who respects his stomach does not frequent saloons; the man who has care for his credit is not a habitue of the race track. But decently regulated saloons are better than "blind pigs;" a well conducted race track is healthier than pool rooms or even than the stock exchange. Mankind must be regenerated before man will lose his liking for alcoholic stimulant or his desire to get much for little by taking a chance on a horse or a stock. And mankind will never be regenerated by legislation.

Swedish and Russian Systems.

The theory of the so-called Gothenburg System is extremely laudable—the elimination of private profit from the liquor traffic by granting a monopoly of the retail trade to local corporations, under restrictions which prevent it from becoming a source of private enrichment. The Los Angeles Gothenburg Association makes a similar proposition with variations. Its stockholders expect to draw no interest on their original subscription, but bonds will be sold at six per cent, a rate of interest which is usually more than satisfactory to all non-speculative capitalists. When government securities and municipal bonds do not yield two-thirds of the proposed bond interest of the Gothenburgers, we cannot be expected to regard their investment as simply and wholly philanthropic. These honorable gentlemen did not propose at first to do as is done in Gothenburg—to turn over the surplus earnings to the municipality, but to spend these earnings themselves "for the benefit of the municipality." They have, however, wisely retreated from this position and are now willing that the surplus earnings should be turned

over absolutely to the municipality. Perhaps the most important feature of the proposition is that the consumer will have to take whatever liquor is offered by such inexperienced liquor dealers as William Mead, Dr. John R. Haynes, O. T. Johnston and Homer Laughlin. Large fortunes will be within reach of those who do the purchasing for the so-called Gothenburgers. Now, they do things still better in Russia, where a government spirit monopoly was initiated by Alexander III. and became applicable to the whole empire about ten years ago. Under the Russian regime, spirits are retailed only at the shops and depots of the Government and at restaurants which sell on a government commission. But it is a very open question whether there is any necessity or any wisdom in adopting in Los Angeles either the Swedish or the Russian system. If the present high license and strict regulation system can be fairly and squarely demonstrated as not being the best under existing conditions, then let us have municipal whiskey as we have municipal water, but do not let us revert to the tried and found wanting system of establishing a private monopoly of a public commodity, even if that commodity be an evil.

No Grounds for Agitation.

The observant traveler, who has investigated the existing conditions of the retail liquor traffic here and elsewhere, congratulates Los Angeles first on its comparative freedom from drunkenness and second, on the rigid restrictions which hedge the operations of the saloons. There are 200 saloons in Los Angeles, a city which today contains approximately 250,000 people, or one saloon to every 1250 of the population. Under the present regulations that limited number of saloon licenses cannot be increased whatever the increase of population, so that many of us will undoubtedly live to see the proportion of saloons to population reduced to one to every 5000. Except in certain district the saloons are not conspicuous by their number. The limit placed upon their number makes a license exceedingly valuable, the last license granted (to the Lankershim Hotel) eliciting a "donation" of over \$3000. In addition to this possible source of revenue each saloon pays \$900 a year into the city treasury besides city and county taxes paid by the 200 saloonkeepers, which in the aggregate have been computed to amount to nearly \$100,000 per annum. The Gothenburgers propose to pay the same amount of money—\$100,000 per annum—for 75 licenses as at present are paid for 200 licenses. But there is no philanthropy in that proposition. Any professional liquor-dealer would gladly do the same and much more. In fact the other day an Eastern brewer told me he would be willing to pay \$5,000,000 for such an indefinite monopoly as the Gothenburgers hope to obtain.

As a Political Machine.

The Gothenburgers express the naive belief that their scheme, besides all the other features of the millennium which it will father, will "take the saloon out of politics." I do not suspect Mr. Wm. Mead or even Dr. John R. Haynes of any personal political ambition, except to serve the commonwealth. At these gentlemen's and their colleagues' sincere motives I do not cavil, but I honestly believe they are much mistaken. No political boss could dream of a more perfect machine than could be built up on the lines of the Gothenburg system. Give Walter

Parker such an opportunity and his work of controlling legislators and legislatures would be comparatively child's play. Now we know that the benign spirits and philanthropic influences of Mead, Haynes, Johnson, Laughlin and Co., will not always linger with us. It is not beyond the realm of reasonable probability that the majority of the stock of the Gothenburg Association might in less halcyon days fall into the control of less disinterested people, who would have no scruple either in stretching the terms of the monopoly—no difficult task by the science of modern finance—to their private gain, and in also twisting this Swedish movement into a more impregnable and oppressive political machine than Tweed, Croker, or Abe Ruef ever dreamed of. Even if otherwise we favored the proposition of the Gothenburgers, our main reliance being on the integrity and philanthropy of its promoters, we cannot insure against their premature removal to less active spheres of influence. The good are apt to die young.

Other Grave Objections.

I have no space in this issue to devote to other most important phases of this proposition such as the confiscation of personal property and the restraint of trade. There are liquor dealers, honest men who have devoted years of industry, thrift and decent conduct to the upbuilding of their business, who cannot see the justice of being peremptorily coerced into turning over the fruits of their endeavors to a private monopoly, and who feel they have reason in resenting the proposed confiscation of their property as an arbitrary cruelty. They will be heard from in due season. There are citizens, too—and I believe, a sufficient number of voters to send this Swedish dream back to its bed—who are rigidly and yet reasonably opposed to any such restraint of trade as the Gothenburg system must impose. It is a question of very wide scope, one that cannot be exhausted by current paragraphs in a single issue of the **Graphic** but one that will doubtless be thoroughly threshed out, not only by an intelligent press but in the equally intelligent minds of the voters of Los Angeles during the next few weeks. In the meanwhile I have sketched, and I hope to some purpose, certain of the objections and menaces of the Gothenburg system as they occur to me after a careful and prolonged study of all phases of the subject. In the final analysis I have

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only one vote, but I am inclined to think it will be cast with the majority, who will be satisfied to endorse the evils that we know rather than to fly to evils that we wot not of.

The Anti-Ascot Campaign.

Gambling in any form or feature is quite as indefensible as drinking. There is no more hope for the confirmed gambler than for the inveterate drunkard, but neither the drunkard nor the gambler will be reformed by legislation. The hue and cry raised against Ascot Park has its sincere merits and also its unreasonable arguments. There is no more logical defense for such an institution as Ascot than there is for the existence of the stock exchange, nor is there any more culpability in my going out to Ascot and putting \$5 on the chance of a horse's winning than there is in Mr. E. T. Earl's going to the local stock exchange, or rather instructing his broker, to buy 500 shares of steel preferred which he has no intention of holding but which if the market rises he may sell before closing time. We are both doing something for which there is no moral or ethical defense; if we win, we are both getting somebody else's money without having done any honest work to earn it—we are both gambling. Personally I would put just as much confidence in the straightforward dealing of the controllers of the ponies at Ascot Park as I would in that of the stock manipulators on Wall street, neither of which gentry are altruists but the reverse. The temptations to gamble, directly or indirectly, are ubiquitous and under our present system of social and financial conditions I do not see how they can be eliminated. As I have

remarked before in these columns, the burning desire of the age is to get something for nothing—to "get rich quick."

Foolish and Reprehensible.

I hold no brief for Ascot Park for I believe that it and every other gambling institution in the world do inestimable harm. At the same time, if we are honest enough to recognize man's inherent desire to gamble, we may also be fair enough to believe that it is better to have such a decently conducted and "open" institution as Ascot than a dozen hole-in-the-corner pool rooms and other "skin game" establishments scattered through the business district. A man, woman, or boy, goes out to Ascot deliberately; a few go there simply to see the horses run and to gratify the instinct of a gregarious race—to see each other. The majority go thither with a few or many dollars in their pockets and with the deliberate intention to risk them on the wheel of fortune known as the race track. That this is a foolish and thoroughly reprehensible practice is perfectly plain. Personally I would have more fun in throwing dollars into the gutter for urchins to scramble over, and my money would be thrown away in far better fashion. The "game" pursued by the bookies at Ascot is generally "a sure thing;" occasionally the book-makers get the "double cross" themselves from the paddock, but the "killings" made by the public, although almost always heard of, are very rare indeed.

"On the Square."

A man of the world for whose judgment I have real respect declared to me the other day that he did not believe there had ever been anything but a crooked race at Ascot unless, indeed, it was an accident. This was so startling an assertion that I decided to make some investigations on my own account. I could not believe that men like J. J. Fay jr., W. E. Dunn, Epes Randolph and J. W. Brooks would allow their names to be connected with any such "skin game." Now the truth of the matter is that there was some crooked work at Ascot last year, such as is likely to occur on any race track or indeed in any place where men do congregate for personal profit, but it was done with such adroitness as to combat the vigilance of the experienced officials although it excited their suspicion. There is not a judge in the country who has a higher reputation for absolute integrity and true sportsmanship than Judge Hamilton of Kentucky, nor is there a man who knows more of the game. At the close of last year's season Judge Hamilton reported some six stables to the directors, as being not above suspicion. He suggested that while there was no evidence to rule their owners off the track the directors might discover they had no stabling room for these owners when they put in their applications this year. The directors at once took the hint and the crooked horsemen will be conspicuous by their absence this season—unless indeed some more turn knaves, which of course is not improbable in such a game. It is the honest intention of the Ascot Jockey Club to have nothing but clean sport under its jurisdiction and I miss my guess if they are not at particular pains to carry out that intention. While speaking of Ascot Park I may affirm with the emphasis of absolute authority—Mr. Huntington's own word—that he does not own a dollar's worth of stock in the institution.

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At Ascot on Thanksgiving.

The first distinct response to the newspaper campaign against Ascot was the greatest crowd in the history of racing in Southern California. Twelve thousand people passed the gates of that establishment last Thursday afternoon and they saw some rattling good races, which any lover of horseflesh must have enjoyed, quite irrespective of any betting excitement. The "books" were of course very well patronized, the betting ring being crowded beyond its capacity, but at least two-thirds of the holiday crowd were content to see the crowd and the ponies. I am glad to notice that the facilities formerly provided for women to bet have been abolished—for the most harrowing tales brought to light last year by Mr. E. T. Earl's young men were concerning women who had spent their housekeeping money and mortgaged their homes to gratify the gambling craze; but I regret to see that the one dollar "books" are still running full blast. Of course it may be argued that women have as much right to bet as men have and that the man with one dollar in his pocket should have the same opportunity to bet as the man with five dollars. Regarding the women, it is a notorious fact that women when they once start to gamble are much more desperate speculators than men; in reference to the one-dollar bets, such a "book" tempts hundreds of men who cannot afford to lose and the majority of men are far more liable to risk one dollar than five. I am told that last year's records prove that ninety per cent of the betting was done by Eastern visitors, who presumably had money to burn and did not care how they burned it. The attractions of Ascot, which is one of the finest race-courses in the world and certainly one of the most beautiful, are very great indeed to a large proportion of winter visitors. They are certainly better off in the open air at Ascot than they would be if they resorted to hole-in-the-corner gambling in the city, whether at a poolroom, a poker "joint" or a bucket-shop. Some of them, too, are doing a good deal less harm to humanity by taking a "flyer" on the horses than if they remained in their Eastern offices to cheat and beggar their fellow men.

Mr. Fay's Resignation.

Next week the Water Commission is to be deprived of the valuable services of its chairman, Mr. J. J. Fay jr., who was appointed by Mayor Snyder three years ago and whose business ability has been of great value to the board and to this community. I do not know the true cause of Mr. Fay's resignation, for I have heard two stories. The first is that Mr. Fay is resigning for personal reasons, as he has broken up house-keeping in Los Angeles and his plans for the future are indefinite. The other "reason" is that Mayor McAleer has hinted to Mr. Fay

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that his resignation would be acceptable to him, since the board at present is composed of three Democrats and two Republicans. What arrant, ineffable piffle! As if anyone except Mayor McAleer, who has the appointment to the vacancy, cares two straws about the party politics of the Water Commissioners as long as they are efficient and trustworthy gentlemen. Mr. John M. Elliott has done yeoman service on the board since its inception, but he happens to be of the Democratic persuasion. Mr. William Mead was also once a Democrat. Gen. Sherman and Mr. Fred Baker are Republicans. Everyone who knows the exceedingly tetchy situation that the Commissioners are at present confronted with will regret that Mr. Fay's resignation has been necessary for whatever cause. Mayor McAleer is probably, as always, trying to do politics, and, I hear, will appoint Mr. Byron L. Oliver, a young attorney of undoubted ability and political ambitions, selected by Gen. H. G. Otis to run against James McLachlan for congress. This will be distinctly an Otis-directed appointment but nevertheless may turn out entirely satisfactory, although I have understood that Mr. Oliver has, in the past, been very considerably interested in another water scheme than Owens River. The Mayor's principal problem in connection with the Water Board is how to get rid of his former friend and chief, Fred Baker. It certainly would be in good taste for Fred Baker to resign, not because he "forced" McAleer from the Baker Iron Works, but because the Baker Irons Works may be vitally interested in building the Owens River conduit as it already has been interested in other city work. Mr. Baker's presence on that board is no more defensible than was George Walker's on the police commission, when his official position made it politic for every saloon in town to sell Mr. Walker's cigars. At this juncture every man on the Water Commission must be as above suspicion as Caesar's wife. The name of Mr. H. C. Witmer is being urged for appointment on the Commission. Mr. Witmer is a man of excellent business ability and has no interests to serve except those of the city. The fact that he is president of the Municipal League is sufficient to cause Gen. Otis's opposition and possibly may make him "persona non grata" to our very narrow minded mayor.

Board of Public Works Redivivus.

The present policy of the Mayor and his chief advisers in reference to Owens River, who are City Attorney Mathews and Fred Eaton, is to leave the responsibility as far as possible to the Water Commission, while the financing of the initial negotiations remains with the City Council. It would be poor policy to complicate the situation at this juncture by putting the responsibility on other shoulders, for I understand that the Water Commissioners and the Finance Committee of the Council have it well in hand and are progressing favorably with the difficult preliminary negotiations in the Owens River Valley. Therefore it is not unlikely that the Board of Public Works may not be appointed and confirmed for some months to come, although I understand that the Mayor will send to the Council some time this month the names of his original appointees—E. T. Perkins, Gen. John R. Mathews and C. O. Winters. That trio, however, will never be confirmed except by some miraculous intervention. Eventually the Mayor and the Council may get together on a compromise, but I don't think the Council will be in any hurry. The Mayor's first and last choice, as I said months ago, is Mr. Perkins, who is the one man whose name has been mentioned for the Board that is especially qualified for the position. Gen. Otis and the Democracy are urging the appointment of ex-Senator R. F. del Valle, which seems to me would be a good appointment and certainly representative of the Democrats, but their work of influence will have to be used on the Council—not the mayor. Mr. Kingsbury, an employee in the City Engineer's office, appears to be the favorite of the city hall Republican politicians. We want the best possible Board of Public Works or none at all. Winters's nomination is the only one that the Council is likely to confirm—not because it is the weakest and the worst but because Winters is a "politician" and the Council knows more about "politicians" than about engineers or capable business men.

Mr. Huntington and "Power."

In regard to the reported consolidation of the light and power companies of Los Angeles I am told that negotiations have not gone very far yet. In fact, Mr. Huntington assured me this week with his

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sunny smile that there was "nothing to it." Some wiseacres see in this a gigantic combination "to fight the city" and the dream of municipal ownership of a great lighting and power plant. The Pacific Light and Power Company, in which Mr. W. G. Kerckhoff and Mr. Huntington are among the heaviest stockholders, is capitalized at \$10,000,000 and is the parent of a number of other companies throughout Southern California. The Edison Electric Company is also capitalized at \$10,000,000. The Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company has a capital of \$4,000,000. Now while, of course, it is not likely that the heads of these companies would inform me of their plans, they have however told me definitely that they know nothing of such a proposed consolidation. Mr. Huntington probably controls this situation as he does many others concerning Los Angeles. His position on the Owens River scheme is therefore exceedingly important. At first he was not particularly enthusiastic about it as he believed and still believes that there is lots of good water that might be developed almost at our gates, but while not changing his mind about the indigenous water resources of Los Angeles County he believes that 30,000 inches of water from Owens River will be a mighty good thing for Los Angeles. He is also not at all concerned about Los Angeles owning 100,000 horse-power of its own. "In a very few years," he said to me this week, "we shall want all the horse-power we can get. This is going to be a very large city indeed, not only of climate-seekers but of manufacturers." And we walked over to the windows of his office in the seventh story of his building and surveyed the manufacturing district of the future, in which by the way not a few mighty smoke-stacks have risen within the last year or two. "There is no earthly reason why Los Angeles should not be one of the great centers of industrial energy in this country; in fact, there is every earthly and heavenly reason why it should be." What a great many citizens do not seem to understand is the fact that first and foremost Mr. Huntington's personal interests are precisely the same as those of any other citizen or property-owner in Los Angeles. He has been a very large investor indeed in property in Los Angeles and its neighborhood; in fact, his holdings of realty today are considerably larger than the sum of his railway interests. If you ponder this fact a while you may realize its significance. Mr. Huntington is not afraid of all the horse-power that Los Angeles can draw from Owens River or anywhere else, but will welcome it as another great factor of upbuilding the community in which he is so heavily interested. It may be that another few months will see Mr. Huntington at the head of a gigantic combination of the electric power companies of this city but the suspicion that he is "knocking" the Owens River scheme is as silly as it is baseless.

Football and Brutality.

The present agitation against football as it is played today is interesting and important to every father and mother. Thursday was Football's big day throughout the country and we have yet to learn the summary of the Thanksgiving casualties, quite as foolish as and much more inexcusable than the annual returns of our puerile manner of celebrating the Fourth of July. Today among our little boys who are not yet in their 'teens it is the height of their ambition to get their noses smashed in the

mud by bigger boys—calling this pastime Football—and bringing home to their perturbed parents other evidences—in the shape of torn clothing and bruised members—of their proud participation in this brutal and brainless tergiversation of a once noble, exhilarating and truly manly game. The little fellows are of course simply imitating their seniors—which imitation is equally of course their principal criterion of manly and covetable exercise. The modern game puts a premium on sheer brute force and discounts the values of scientific play—the admirable qualities of agility, deftness, speed and “head-work.” Furthermore a more uninteresting game for the spectator than modern football could not be devised, unless, indeed the interest of the spectator, male or female, is inspired by a thirst for bloodshed or cracking of bones, an essential that is quite as barbarous and more degrading than that which inspired the gladiatorial contests of the ancient arena and the bloody excitements of the Spanish bull-ring. Football, as it was evolved by Rugby and as it is played under Association rules, is as different from our modern American collegiate game as a slugging match between thugs is different from a scientific boxing match. The main responsibility lies with the heads of universities; apparently they are at last awakening to their responsibilities.

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

Mayor McAleer is making a mistake—a very grave mistake—in insisting on the removal of Thomas Strohm as fire chief. McAleer will say that he get somebody as competent as Strohm. Will he? Maybe, but the risk in making the test is too great and a fire chief is judged by his achievements. The mass of the people don't care a rap whether Strohm voted for McAleer or voted for Snyder and Mr. McAleer should realize it. They don't care what sort of man is to ride in the Chief's buggy and Mr. McAleer should realize it.—From the Graphic of February 25, 1905.

No man ever saw Strohm unable to direct a fire department and direct it well. His competency was never questioned and cannot be. I have seen a number of fire departments work but about the best exhibition I ever saw was the night that the Western Wholesale Drug Company's Main street establishment was in flames.—From the Graphic March 4, 1905.

These are my texts. I quote them because there was a fire in Los Angeles last Friday night when one of the establishments of Harris & Frank went up in smoke. It was the first big fire that Chief Walter Lips had a chance to handle. The fire fighters were badly handled, the management was worse and the loss of Harris & Frank is about as near total as it could ill be.

Mr. Lips did not succeed in getting water on the fire for about fifteen minutes after the department was there. Any experienced fire fighter will tell you that in managing a big fire like this, it is necessary for the firemen to concentrate their efforts. Mr. Lips had streams on that fire from as many directions as he could possibly find. Moreover he did not get the water tower into action until half an hour or more had elapsed. There seems to be some differences of opinion among the reporters as to the actual value of the water tower on this occasion. I have the evidence of two men who looked down on the fire from the Franklin street side of the Hamburger building. They tell me that the only effectual work done with that fire was accomplished by the tower. They were in the best position to see and I shall take their evidence.

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I do not know what the underwriters will do about this effectual proof of the inefficiency of Walter Lips as fire chief. I know what they ought to do.

Singing Another Song.

When Chief Strohm was removed, the fact that he was slated to go was announced, almost gleefully, by the Times. It had a "scoop" on the story and was properly appreciative of that fact. Well, the Times sang a different tune last Saturday morning. It was feared at one time that the Harris & Frank fire might spread to include the entire block and that made the prospects of the Times anything but alluring. Ordinarily the Times has about the best night police reporter in Los Angeles on duty at the police station and his duty was to handle that fire. Read between the lines of the report in last Saturday's Times and you will read a story of a fire chief's incompetency and asininity. Finally the police department did not shine. Fire lines should have been established clear across Spring street. They were not. The policing of the fire was pitifully weak.

"Lest We Forget."

Lest we forget, let me recall a few things.

Strohm was removed from office because he supported Snyder for Mayor instead of McAleer.

McAleer attended to Strohm's decapitation from motives of revenge and to punish Strohm.

The people and the underwriters pay the price of this nasty political mess, the first that was made by Owen McAleer.

After Powers's Scalp.

It has been reported in the daily press that the head of Dr. Powers, who has been the efficient health officer of this city, for many years, is the next marked for the McAleer basket.

I cannot believe that even the Mayor will make such an egregious mistake—almost criminal as this. But the moment he makes such a move, every physician in the city should bombard him with a protest.

Lips for Lips.

To cap the climax, Chief Lips comes to the front with an interview in the Express which bears every evidence of being an authorized statement. The Chief congratulates himself and the city that the fire was no worse, which is what might be expected, and closes with the remarkable statement that the water tower was used just as soon as possible—that is when the fire had burned through the roof. I think this statement is the crowning proof of the incompetency of the fire chief. It has not occurred to the chief that the stream from the water tower can be directed through the windows of a burning building. The Fire Commissioners should send Chief Lips somewhere, so that he can learn the method of operating a water tower. If, in future fires, he waits until the roof of a burning building is burned through, he will have a total loss to face, exactly as a total loss, to all intents and purposes, ensued from this Harris & Frank fire.

And just in closing, how do the taxpayers like this admixture of politics and incompetency?

Janus and H. G. Otis.

The degeneration of the morals and manners of the Los Angeles Times was fairly exemplified in the exposure of its Midwinter Number's shameless grafting system in last week's **Graphic**. Since that

was written I have heard a good many more instances of this impudent newspaper's hold-up artistry. Lawyers of eminence have narrated to me with circumstantial detail how they have been sand-bagged by the Times's solicitors for the Midwinter "Fads and Fancies." Sums of from \$25, \$35 and \$50 up to \$250 and \$300, have been "urged" on the "grounds" of the distinction of a personal appearance in the Times's New Year's edition, of "civic patriotism" in supporting such a splendid missionary endeavor, and of "policy" in not offending the majestic "I am" of the Times. Apparently Dr. John R. Haynes has not yet "ante-ed" to this department of the ambidexterous Otisian treasury, but the Times, which certainly should know, declares that he did pay good money for a "write-up" in last Sunday's Herald. In last Tuesday's Times Gen. Otis made the extraordinarily indecent exposure of himself by admitting that he, who is the proprietor of the Herald, took the good doctor's money with his left hand and roasting him in his other newspaper, the Times, with his right. Nothing more completely shows the callousness of the people in submitting to Gen. Otis's dual ownership of newspapers. The general's prototype, Janus, the Roman sun-god with a face on the front and another on the back, had not the effrontery of Harrison Gray Otis, but he similarly imposed his significant existence upon the people. The temple of Janus in the Forum had two doors opposite each other, which in time of war were open and in time of peace were shut. The gates of the Times and the Herald are always ajar. Dr. John R. Haynes, however, seems to have been caught in the jam.

Hearst's Advent.

William Randolph Hearst, with whose name a waiting world is now pretty well acquainted and who last month showed such remarkable strength in the New York elections, will soon be among us. Mr. Hearst intends to bring his family and entourage to Pasadena within the next week or so and set up housekeeping there. It is not yet certain whether Mr. Hearst himself will be able to tear himself away from the election contest in New York or tarry here long, but it is quite certain that Mrs. Hearst and their son and heir will be among the interesting winter sojourners of Pasadena. Hearst is fond of automobiling—in fact was fined in New York a few weeks ago for speeding—and you may have noticed that his bright young men of the local Examiner have been zealous the last few days in starting a campaign for "decent roads" between Pasadena and Los Angeles. Although the Los Angeles Examiner has been established two years now, Mr. Hearst has never yet crossed the threshold of its establishment, but even so he knows more about it than anybody else in the world. The people who have written down W. R. Hearst as brainless and incompetent know nothing whatever about him. He has an exceedingly active and able brain and is absolute master of every detail in his chain of newspapers.

Private.

Any difficulties that may have occurred within the doors of the California Club have been amicably and satisfactorily settled—and without the assistance of the public press. It is a strange thing, indeed, if it is no longer possible to preserve privacy even in a club of gentlemen, who organize a co-

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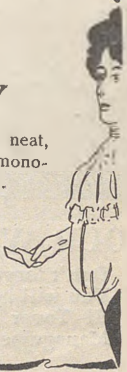


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operative home for themselves to secure the maximum of comfort at a minimum of expense. There is no occasion to air in print family rows, which, after all are sometimes wholesome explosions, and in this instance I happen to belong to this particular family. The California Club is certainly able to manage its own domestic affairs with peace and dignity, and I need make no apology to my readers for having maintained silence concerning this episode.

Vigilance—Also Annoyance.

I have every sympathy with the efforts of the police department to enforce the laws against scorching by the automobile fraternity. There is something, however, in playing the game too hard, and the police department may run up against the proposition that over zealousness may defeat the ends sought. For instance, I know of one autoist who was arrested the other morning for illegal driving through the Third street tunnel. He was following a swill wagon and was proceeding no faster than that lowly vehicle—for the simple reason that he could not pass it. Nevertheless he was arrested, and his word was as nothing against the word of the "officer" who made the arrest. It cost him \$10. I am informed that two policemen are stationed along Pico street, especially to prevent scorching. They haul up every automobile that is going slower than the cars. Since when is the Railway Company allowed to violate the law that cannot be broken by auto-drivers? And for sheer recklessness, commend me to the motor-cycle men. Never a one of these ambitious young men are interfered with; neither is a single fast driver of horses bothered. Fair play and consistency in these matters is a virtue, and the case of Policemen Anderson—I think that is the name—and Mojonier, is respectfully referred to Chief Auble. These men need some further instructions.

A Vermilion Experience.

Harry Vermilion, the wealthy bachelor of Chester Place, has returned from a visit to British Columbia. He received some severe injuries while in San Francisco due to some miscreant who had a habit of throwing stones at railway cars. Mr. Vermilion says he was riding in a car, when a large stone shot through the window and struck him in the side, breaking a rib or two and bruising him. He had recovered by the time he returned.

Vexed Point in Juleps.

Bruised or unbruised mint for juleps, the subject of a controversy which has been running for some time in the Examiner, has gained a participant from the Home of Truth, and the Abode of Purity and Righteousness—at least in politics—for R. N. Bulla, the leader of the reform wing of the Republican local party, the man who has stood for the true, the good and the beautiful in partisan politics has taken a hand. I had no idea that Bulla knew a mint julep from a programmed primary, but he does, and he insists that the mint, a very small portion of it, should be bruised. In proof of his contention he asserts that at the Union League Club there is a darky boy from Ole Virginia, who can make juleps better than any expert in town. I have my doubts as to whether Bulla ever drank a julep or anything stronger than Shasta—no, on second thought, he would not touch that either—for Dan Burns owns

those springs—but, as he says he does and can prove it, I'll take his word. As an earnest of his faith Bulla offers to take any one of his friends, who has doubts about the bruising and non-bruising of mint question, to the Union League Club and provide mint juleps enough to bring about an acquiescence. After all that is easy, for if a man takes enough juleps he will agree to anything without a murmur except of "one more."

Reduced Rates.

The Van Nuys hotel is not the same home of the Ascot bookies that it was last season, for only George Rose and a few more of the most aristocratic members of that system of high finance are to be found there. But at the Lankershim many of the men who used to congregate about the writing tables in the Van Nuys office are now quartered. There are two versions as to the reason for this. One is that Mr. Potter did not fancy having so many of the sporting gentry at his hotel and raised the rates to prohibitive odds. But the talk about the Van Nuys is that the Lankershim management cut the rates for a good room and bath. Some of these track bankers need the bath all right.

Press Agent's Resources.

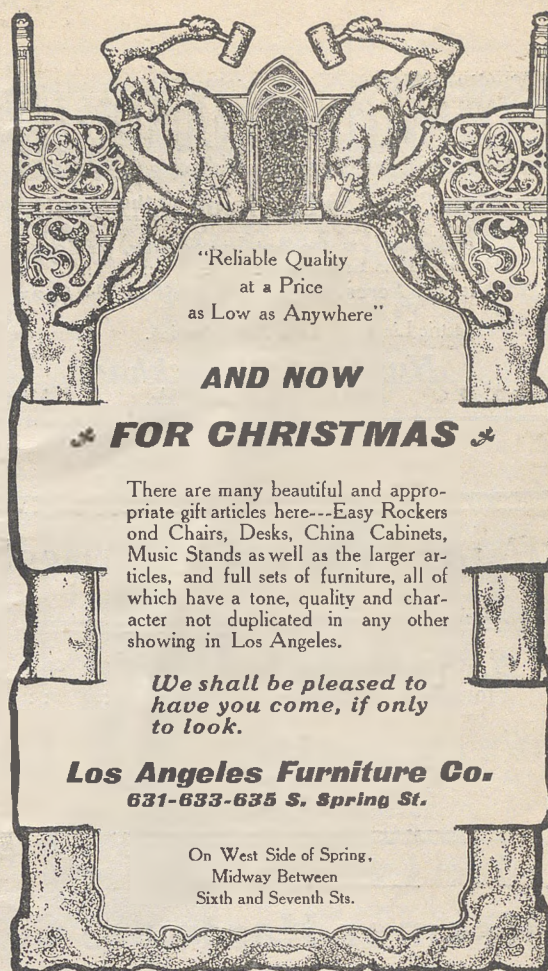
Paul Wilstach, who is here ahead of Richard Mansfield, was called upon by Mr. Welshans of the Herald for some advance matter, and in hunting through his stuff, Wilstach found a very lovely story which he handed over to Welshans. "There's some good stuff, that has only been printed once," he said, "and if you want it take it along." John Blackwood was in the room and asked to see it, and then commenced to laugh. "What's the matter with you, John?" asked Wilstach. "Nothing much," replied John, "except that you have given Welshans a story that I printed for you on the Washington Times when I was a dramatic reviewer there just after you left the same position, but it's good stuff, I'll swear to that." So Blackwood's Mansfield story written by himself appeared in the Herald, and John got no space rate for it either.

A Fasting Holiday.

Fasting appears to be a new form of holiday relaxation. A well-known Viennese actress has been trying it with satisfactory results. For twenty-three days she lived in a glass cage, taking nothing but mineral waters, of which she consumed sixty bottles. Crowds gazed at her in her glass box on the Prater, where she studied her part for the next piece she is to appear in. On coming out she declared herself stronger and more lively than she had ever felt in her life, and made a hearty meal of trout, veal, and beer, followed by two cups of coffee and schnapps.

Russia's Evil Genius.

Father Gapon, who is writing "The Story of My Life," for the "Strand Magazine," gives therein the following striking picture of M. Pobyedonostseff, who has at last been deposed: "I was awaiting the man who had the power to extinguish all the hopes and prospects of my life; and as I waited I pondered in my mind over the sad fate of the Russian Church, so completely dependent upon the will of this one man—a layman, an official of the Government. There is absolutely no autonomous life in the Russian Church. The Holy Synod, ruled by the Procurator, is composed of bishops who, by



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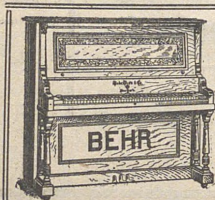
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their very obligation to belong to the monastic order, are held totally aloof from the needs of the people's life and unacquainted with them. And each bishop has absolutely unlimited power over the church in his own see. He appoints the priests without of necessity being hindered by any considerations regarding the moral or intellectual qualities of the candidate. If it please him he can raise a costermonger or a swineherd to the priesthood. He punishes or dismisses at will any priest in his diocese, leaving him no chance of appeal.

A Portrait by Gapon.

"What do you want?" said a sharp voice, suddenly, from behind me. I turned round, and saw the withered, monkey-like face and sharp, cold eyes of an old man. It was the Great Inquisitor, who had crept noiselessly from behind a door concealed by a curtain. He was of middle size, of lean figure, slightly bent, and dressed in a black evening coat. 'I have come to your Excellency to ask your intercession to enable me to take part in the competitive examination for the Academy,' I said. Pobyedonostseff looked at me inquisitively. 'Who is your father? Are you married? Have you any children?' The questions were rained upon me in a harsh, dry voice. I replied that I had two children. He exclaimed: 'Ah! Children? I don't like that. What kind of a monk would you make with children? A poor one! I can do nothing for you,' and he turned brusquely to leave me. His manner of speaking, and the thought that all my expectations were to be ruined by him in this careless and insolent way, raised in me a feeling of indignation and protest. 'But, your Excellency,' I cried, 'you must listen to me. It is a question of life for me. It is the one thing which remains for me now—to forget myself entirely in studies in order to learn how to serve my people. I cannot take a refusal.' There was probably a note in my voice which arrested him. He turned again towards me and listened in amazement, looking fixedly into my eyes, and then suddenly became kind. 'Yes. Bishop Ilarion has told me of you. Well, go to Father Smyrnoff, to his house. He lives now in Tsarskoye Selo. And tell him in my name that he must send a favorable report to the Holy Synod.' Then he disappeared."

The Tsar.

And here is an account of how Gapon came to have the faith in the Tsar which led to the St. Petersburg massacre. "There was, however, one old lady for whom I had the greatest respect. This was Princess Elizabeth Narishkin, first lady-in-waiting on the Empress, a member of the very highest aristocracy, and standing in very high favor with the Tsar and the imperial family. She was also a virtuous and intelligent woman, and a number of philanthropic institutions organized by her were of a really satisfactory character. I was often invited to her house and had long conversations with her. It was under her influence that I began to idealise the Emperor Nicholas II. She told me that while he was still a child she used to carry him in her arms and that he grew up under her eyes. She assured me that she knew him as well as her own children, and she always characterised him as a really good, kind, and honest man, but, unfortunately, very weak of will and devoid of any strength of character. In my



Miss Caroline B. Nichols

*Conductor of the Fadette Woman's Orchestra
at the Orpheum Next Week*

imagination there then grew up a kind of an ideal Tsar who had not yet had an opportunity of showing his real worth, but from whom alone the salvation of the Russian people could be expected. I thought that the day would come when the Tsar would suddenly rise to the height of the situation with which he was faced, and would listen to the voices of his people and make them happy."

A Freak Statue.

There has been a tendency of late to depart from the severity of nineteenth-century statuary just as there has in the picture world been a leaning towards the bizarre in art. Now all New York is yawning over a freak statue by a young Belgian sculptor—M. Paul Nocquet. It was in the Salon a couple of years ago, and every visitor was compelled to yawn at sight of M. Nocquet's "Yawning Woman." She is neither pretty nor graceful, but she is yawning, and the yawn extends to her toenails. You cannot look at her without yawning too. It may not be high art but it is amazingly clever—and M. Nocquet is only twenty-eight. Did you ever hear the song "I Really Am So Sleepy" and share its effect upon the audience?

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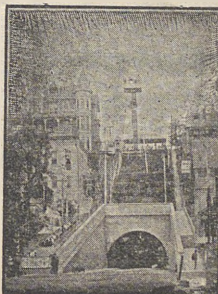
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Leaves to Cut

Some of the books to be reviewed by the Friday Morning Club on book days this month are: More's "Shelburne Essays" (third series), Chesterton's "Heretics," Colby's "Imaginary Obligations," Crother's "The Gentle Reader," Van Dyke's "Essays in Application," and James's "English Hours."

Mrs. Graham's "The Wizard's Daughter," and Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth" will be reviewed in January. Other novels under consideration are "Howlett's "Fond Adventures" and "The Fool Errant," Frenssen's "Jorn Uhl," Maartens's "My Poor Relations," Quiller Couch's "The Mayor of Troy," and "Kipps," by H. E. Wells.

The only authentic account that has yet been printed in the American press regarding the relations of Mrs. Fitzherbert and George the Fourth appears in the Argonaut for November 27th. All the known facts in the case are detailed, and an opinion is expressed regarding the claims of the various persons who assert that they are descended from a son born of the union of the king and hismorganatic wife. The Argonaut tells the tale without frills.

The scene of "Starvecrow Farm," Stanley Weyman's latest novel, is laid in rural England of the rugged, homely North. The time—a few years after the Battle of Waterloo. It is the story of an elopement, but an elopement with unusual consequences, for the girl marries not the man with whom she elopes, but the one from whom she flees. As is the case of former novels of Mr. Weyman's the reader's sympathies pass from one character to the other during the telling of the tale.

Paul Elder and Company of San Francisco are turning out as attractive and artistic volumes as are published anywhere in the world. Among dainty volumes which have lately reached the Graphic from this house are the 1906 edition of the "Cynic's Calendar," well up to the high standard set in former years; "101 Entrées," a gustatory classic by May E. Southworth; "Teddy Sunbeam," little fables for little housewives; "An Alphabet of History," by W. D. Nesbitt—

Who frets about the mystery
Enshrouding all of history
On reading this will, maybe, see
We've made it plain as A, B, C.

"Love," a mosaic essay, compiled by Paul Elder, treating of sentiment, of ideals, of lofty and serious thought; and a delightful booklet of "Bible Mosaics," a happy conception of gathering the scattered messages of promise and admonition into classified brochures. In selecting Christmas gifts one cannot take a better preliminary than sending to Paul Elder and Company for a list of their admirable and seasonable new publications.

To attract attention nowadays, a book of travel must be far out of the ordinary; especially is this true when the traveler covers well worn paths. Jerome Hart, editor of the Argonaut, has written another book of travels, or rather rambles. This book, entitled, "A Levantine Log Book," is just

from the press of the Longmans of New York, and is as entertaining a volume as could well be found. There is nothing stereotyped, nothing of the guide book order. Mr. Hart has taken it for granted apparently that the reader has been surfeited with guide book information, and he supplies something else. His chapter on Athens relates to the modern and garish Athens rather than handling the departed glories of Greece. His chapters on the Holy Land must prove distressing reading to Zionists. Mr. Hart considers that the Jews of Palestine have departed from the ideals of modern Judaism. Putting his observations in other language, it would perhaps be more correct to say that the Jews of Palestine have been left behind their brethren of other lands. Mr. Hart correctly says that he never saw a Jew beggar until he reached Palestine; that the dependence which these Jews place on their co-religionists in other lands has robbed them of the self reliance and initiative observable in Jews elsewhere. There is a series of extremely entertaining chapters on modern Egypt and the book closes with a vigorous defense of the English policy in Egypt, Mr. Hart first stating that his opinions on English occupation were once diametrically opposite to those he now holds. For quiet reading for several evenings, I can cordially commend "A Levantine Log Book."

Richard Barry, who has distinguished himself as a war correspondent and who visited his parents here last spring, is returning to this country from the Orient. Mr. Barry is making the home trip via Europe and expects to be in New York the early part of next year. When he left here in February the young author was under a year's contract with Collier's. En route to this country he will go to India for an interview with Lord Kitchener.

An Auto Lullaby

"Hush-a-by baby, let sleep softly steal,
Mother is driving her automobile,
Sleep as the autocar jiggles and joggles,
Baby is wearing her cute little goggles,
Wrapped in her little warm, pretty warm rug,
List to the autocar: "Chug-a-chug, chug."
Sleep, pretty babykins,
Wrapped in a rug,
Dear little babykins,
Snug as a bug,
Hush, deary babykins,
Chug-a-chug, chug.

"Hush, little baby, and rest in the car,
Mother is driving her auto afar,
Over the roadways like birds we are flying,
Swift as the winds, and with winds we are
vieing,
Nothing can harm us and nothing molest,
Drive we away to the country of rest.
Sleep, pretty babykins
Wrapped in a rug,
Dear little babykins,
Snug as a bug,
Hush, deary babykins,
Chug-a-chug, chug.

"Hark, little baby, we swim like a breeze
Under the branches of sheltering trees,
Over the turnpikes and over the prairies,
Floating along like fleet-footed fairies,
Up on the hill-top, and then we rush down
Far from the rush and the roar of the town.
Sleep, pretty babykins,
Wrapped in a rug,
Dear little babykins
Snug as a bug,
Hush, deary babykins
Chug-a-chug, chug."

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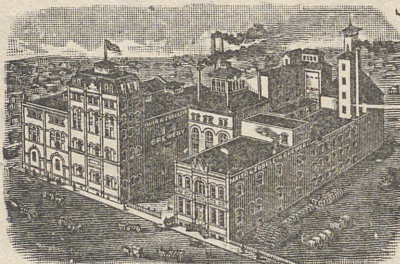
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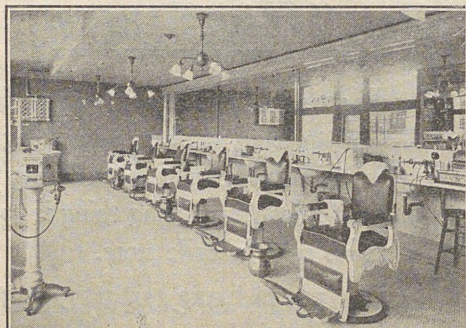
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Over The Teacups

The membership of the Bachelor Cotillions Club is already complete, and the organization will give its first dance January 9, for which twenty-five patronesses will shortly be named. This list is causing even more anxiety and discriminative selection than the choice of the illustrious 75 themselves. Each member will have the privilege of three invitations to each event given by the club, two of which "bids" must be to the gentler sex. The 75 are as follows:

Alfred Wilcox
Edmund T. Ames
John William Wolters
Henry S. Van Dyke
Chas. Seyler, Jr.
C. Wesley Roberts
James Slauson
William G. Nevin
Clarence Moore
J. K. Macomber
Gustav Knecht
Harry B. Kay
Volney E. Howard
Robert P. Flint
R. B. Dickinson
Don W. Carlton
Winthrop Blackstone
Carlton Burke
Leroy Macomber
Henry C. Whitlock
Walter G. Van Pelt
Russel McD. Taylor
A. D. Schindler
Robert Ross
Fred M. Phelps
Ygnacio D. Mott
D. A. McGilvray
Benj. Harwood
Karl O. Klokke
Chas. A. Henderson
Langdon Easton
Norwood W. Howard
Edward Dillon
Earl Cowan
Arthur Bumiller
Arthur A. Dodworth
Harry Anderson
Earl Anthony

Russ Avery
Roy E. Burbank
Volney Craig
M. L. Graff
William Mines
Owen Pickerel
William R. Reed
Leo Chandler
Edward B. Robinson
Gurney Newlin
Samuel Bonsall
Waldo Norris
Benton Van Nuys
Philo Lindley
Thos. R. Lee
Jno. B. McNab
Olin Wellborn, Jr.
Gregory Perkins, Jr.
Rufus Spalding
Frank Schumacher
T. J. Norton
H. H. Henderson
Henry Daly
Fred Rowan
Joseph Easton
Kay Crawford
John Llewellyn
Frederick Stamm
George Stamm
Louis Vetter
William Banning
Nathaniel Wilshire
Walter Comstock
Raymond S. Masson
Robert Sherman
Simpson Sinsabaugh
Ralph Williams.

There were several disappointed bachelors I am told the morning after the list of the exclusive 75 was made public. The limit was placed at that figure, but it seems that every one of the original charter members, numbering thirty-five, were besieged by about a dozen friends to put their names up for approval. Not a small but delicate task it was for the solid twelve to decide on who was who and get a membership of seventy-five eligibles. The first ball will be given just after the holidays and later there will be a brilliant cotillion. The sad thing about it all to me is that the age limit was placed at twenty-three. You all know as well as I that there are a dozen youths about town, just about old enough to vote, who are thoroughly and sincerely convinced that they are "queeners." Think of their being debarred by such a thing as youth! There's only one cure for it however, and that is time.

The home of the Avery McCarthys at Rendondo was the scene of one of the prettiest affairs held there for many seasons last Sunday. It was the occasion of a Thanksgiving tea, to which were invited many of the young friends of both the host and hostess. The guests were conveyed to the beach in

a private car and the late hours of the evening saw their departure. Mrs. McCarthy is a delightful woman and with her two brothers, Norwood and Volney Howard, and her husband to assist her in entertaining, she is destined for the brightest social career.

Mrs. Tom Otis, who has been spending the past few months at Rendondo, left this week for Tempe, Arizona, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kingsbury. Mrs. Otis has not been in the most robust health of late and it is thought a winter in the dry air of Arizona will completely restore her. During the holidays Mr. and Mrs. Kingsbury will entertain at a large house party at their pretty home in Tempe, and among the guests well known in Los Angeles will be Mrs. Truman and Mr. William Reed, brother and sister of Mrs. E. R. Kellam. During the six months' absence of his wife Mr. Otis will keep bachelor's hall with a friend from Chicago.

I can think of nothing more pleasant than being entertained by the Kingsburys. They are delightful whole-souled people and Redondo would sorely miss them were they to remain away from that beach for a summer. For several seasons they have spent the heated term there and have been foremost in the entertainments at the hotel. Mrs. Kingsbury is bright and jovial and her contagious good humor finds many admirers.

Pretty little Nina Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milo Potter, is writing a novel. It's sure to be a success, too—I know that—for she has had several of her short stories accepted by leading magazines and that itself is sufficient to insure success in a more ambitious undertaking. Miss Jones has a pretty, quiet manner which gracefully conceals unusual talent.

Not a few bachelors will feel sad over the recent marriage of pretty little Evah Metcalf, who visited Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson here the early part of the year. She was engaged all the time, but a couple of our young men were not let into the secret and they kept the telephones and theaters working overtime in their zeal to keep her entertained. There was just a bit of rivalry too in the matter. But, to appease their sorrowing hearts Mrs. Wilson has with her another delightful young woman, Miss Tate, who came from the East with the Wilsons and who will spend the winter with them.

Pretty Alice Gwynne has been right royally rushed with card parties and teas and theater affairs, but she appears at each as smiling and dainty and rosy as if her life at present were not really strenuous. She looked particularly pretty on Monday evening when she and her fiancé Mr. Warren Gillelen were the guests of Mr. Ben Harwood and Mr. Carlton Burke at the Belasco. There were a dozen guests and the party occupied two boxes, a supper being served after the performance at the Angelus.

Mrs. C. M. Shannon is entertaining a pretty little Southern girl, Miss Maud Roche, for the winter. Miss Roche is from Dallas, Texas, and is one of the beauties of that territory. She is a dainty little girl with fascinating manners and will be the guest of

MT. LOWE

THE MOUNTAIN THE TROLLY CLIMBS

The ascent of Mt. Lowe is so wonderfully beautiful in its diversity of scenic panoramas that it should be the first trip made by the arriving tourist, and Los Angeles people should be thoroughly familiar with it. -- --

Cars leave 6th and Main at 8, 9, 10 a. m. and 1 and 3:30 p. m. -- --

The regular round trip to Alpine is

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Eastlake Park -- Take Eastlake Park Line of Downey Avenue Line.

Elysian Park -- Take Garvanza Line or Griffin Avenue Line on Spring Street.

Hollenbeck Park -- Take East First or Euclid Avenue Line.

South Park -- Take San Pedro Street Line.

Chutes Park -- Take Main Street Line or Grand Avenue Line.

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provide a quick but thorough means of gaining specific knowledge of the city and its surroundings. One by one places of interest are pointed out with terse comprehensive historical data by guides who are especially skilled and abundantly informed. THESE OBSERVATION CARS wind through the business thoroughfares, the residential sections, penetrate the oil districts, give you a passing glimpse of Chinatown and around the Parks of the City of Today and the Sonora Towns of a century and a half ago when the Spanish and the Mexicans were the only settlers. To ride upon one of these cars is to receive two hours of interesting and profitable entertainment.

Tickets 50 Cents • No Half Fares

Cars start from Hotel Angelus Fourth and Spring Streets at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. daily, Sundays included. :: :: ::

Phone Main 900

honor at a ball to be given later in the season by her hostess and a tea some time soon by Mrs. Fred Griffith.

Winter guests are arriving at the Angelus earlier than usual. Among notable people who registered this week at the popular hostelry were Mr. William A. Pinkerton and Mr. Don M. Dickinson, a member of ex-President Cleveland's cabinet, who has engaged rooms for the month of December.

Miss Clara Alexander, who has made such a hit in London with her darky dialect stories and impersonations, that Queen Alexandra has commanded her to Buckingham Palace, is well known in Southern California. Fortified with the endorsement of Mrs. Monroe Salisbury of San Francisco, one of the exclusive matrons of the Southern set, Miss Alexander made her first appearance at Redondo. Afterwards she was much entertained by prominent Southern families in Los Angeles. Miss Alexander, who is a Georgian, speaks with a strong but delicious accent, is endowed with pretty brunette coloring and graceful figure. The fortunes of her family dwindled, and being possessed of a pretty voice which she desired to cultivate she turned her art of imitation, which had been exploited only for the amusement of friends, into a source of revenue. Success has crowned her efforts and she will no doubt remain some time abroad.

ANASTASIA.

Mary Van Buren, who has just returned to New York from a tour around the world with the T. Daniel Frawley Stock company, has written a burlesque of "Madame Sans Gene," which will be first produced early next month.

Autos and Autoists

Instead of an endurance run, a race matinee will probably be held in this city before Christmas. At the last meeting of the automobile dealers' association the advisability of holding an endurance contest to Riverside or some other Southern California point was discussed, but the plan didn't seem to have many hearty supporters. The sentiment prevailed that it is time for something new, and the indications now are for an automobile matinee, probably at Agricultural Park, between Thanksgiving and Christmas.

There will be a meeting of the automobile dealers' association December 5, and at that time it probably will be decided what course will be pursued.

"The reason that the endurance run is losing favor," said a South Broadway dealer, "is because the roads have been in poor condition, and if we should name a day for a big run there is no certainty that it wouldn't rain that day."

"Besides, dealers have been too busy to prepare for a road run, which takes up lots of time. If there is a race matinee at Agricultural Park, it probably will be given by the automobile dealers, and will be free to the public. Our plans are not matured yet, and I cannot say anything as to who will enter, what the prizes will be, or anything of the sort. But I think such an event would prove a great drawing card with the public, more so, in fact, than an endurance run."

The Southern California Motor Car Exchange,

Los Angeles Jockey Club ASCOT PARK

Saturday, December 2nd, the Santa Catalina Selling
Stakes. A selling sweepstakes, \$1000 added. Seven
Furlongs. :: :: :: :: :: ::

Friday, December 1st, Grand Concert by Franken-
stein's Orpheum Orchestra. :: :: :: ::

The Highest Class of Horses ever on the
Pacific Coast are at the Ascot Track

Racing Every Week Day at 1:40 p. m.

200-212 East Ninth street, has received three carloads of Marion 1906 cars from the factory at Indianapolis. The new cars are three touring cars from sixteen to thirty horsepower, and a runabout. There is a small touring car which sells for \$1350, a medium touring car for \$1650, and a 30-horsepower touring car that brings \$2650. The runabout sells for \$1150.

The Marion is a four-cylinder air-cooled car, and resembles somewhat a Franklin. All but two cars from the first two carloads received had been sold the first of the present week. The manager reports a good demand for them.

Percy F. Megergel has completed one of the most remarkable runs ever made by an automobile. Mr. Megergel considers that he has only half completed his journey, for after coming to the Pacific Coast from the Atlantic he now proposes to turn around and go back again. He is touring in a Reo car in the interests of the American Motor League, studying the hills, grades, altitudes and the like all over the country. He was 102 days coming from New York, and touched first at Portland, then San Francisco, finally arriving here this week. At the time this was written Mr. Megergel expected to leave Los Angeles for the return trip to New York Friday. The American Motor League will publish maps and statistics for the convenience of autoists and motorcycleists.

Although he found the roads, especially east of the coast, in miserable condition, Mr. Megergel made his long trip almost without mishap. If he returns to New York in the seat of his car instead of on a train, he will have completed, undoubtedly, the longest trip ever made by an automobile, over 10,000 miles. Mr. Megergel is an enthusiast, and in addition to collecting data for the autoist's guide book, he was anxious to make the trip for pleasure, and also to prove that such a feat was entirely feasible. He is leaving for the East in the worst part of the year, and if he can successfully negotiate the frozen roads he will do more than anything else to prove to the world the worth of the automobile as a vehicle of conveyance. On account of the railroads the automobile will probably never be used extensively on long trips, but it has been shown nevertheless that it can be used very satisfactorily on the desert before a railroad is built, or in almost any emergency.

Up to last Tuesday twenty-nine 1906 White steamers had been sold and sixteen delivered. Among the most recent purchasers were Geo. E. Cummings, I. Stratton of Pasadena and Isaac Milbank of Wilshire boulevard. Mr. Milbank and Mr. Stratton were scheduled to go to Riverside Thanksgiving on their initial tour. Howard Huntington, who returned home this week, bought a White touring car while in New York.

The Riverside contest for low priced cars attracted considerable interest. This was written before Thanksgiving, and I could not foretell the results, but indications were for a most successful event. Cars that were entered, among others I know of, were Franklin, Premier, Buick, Rambler and Wayne makes.

W. K. Cowan reports that to date he has sold about

thirty 1906 automobiles, and has already delivered sixteen of them. Among the more recent purchasers were the following: A. E. Rudolph, Rialto, surrey 1 Rambler with top; H. O. Harrison, Waverly electric chelsea; Haack & Osborn, surrey 1 Rambler; F. S. Craig, Long Beach, electric speed wagon; F. C. Howland, surrey 1 Rambler; P. W. Roller, surrey 1 Rambler; R. M. George, Whittier, surrey 1 Rambler; Mr. Carlisle, surrey 1 Rambler; Mr. Wright, Tucson, Waverley electric chelsea.

Although the new 40-horsepower Rambler has never been seen in this city, Mr. Cowan already has orders for five. This car sells for \$2650, and it is said that "a mile a minute isn't fast for it."

J. S. Draper, the general sales manager of the Wayne, is here from the factory at Detroit and reports that the increased demand from all points for the "1906" touring car will compel them to add a night force, running the works without any cessation. E. H. Bennett, Jr., and Mr. Draper were to be on hand at the Thanksgiving meet of the Riverside Auto Club at the latter's initial event, which will be followed by a visit to San Bernardino where on Saturday another annual meet will be inaugurated.

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329-331 S. Los Angeles St.,

Los Angeles

Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet.

Surely "if we are the people," these are the days of all the year, the most exciting and interesting for young and old. Never were the stores more attractively tricked out to meet all sorts and conditions of men and women—and pocket-books. It seems to me you can do an awful lot of jolly good shopping and purchasing this year for a very moderate sum indeed.

The Boston Store is surprising itself and its steady old patrons these holidays, by breaking out in a new and festive spot. Always you know, my dear friend, we mothers of families had to face a terrible ordeal in the fierce mad crush in the big toy departments of the stores. Down in a basement one had to submit to being ragged and torn to pieces almost, in the wild endeavor to get our small "Busters" the desire of their hearts. But for this season it is left to the eclectic Boston Store to show us how nicely and easily the selection may be made, and at equally low prices. The assortment of Christmas toys and joys and games I saw on their delightful third floor is not equalled anywhere in the city. And in the art department—also on this floor—I saw some of the most charming and attractive novelties for Christmas gifts. Thinking for you, you understand! Little pick-up things that had never suggested themselves to you before you arrived, but are just exactly what you want.

The Ville de Paris also is supplying many and varied long-felt wants for the repletion of my lady's toilet, and the depletion of milord's purse. Any man, who is filled with a holy desire to present his "faire-ladye" with a "something nice" from a lace gown to a silken umbrella, ought to hie himself to the beautifully appointed Ville de Paris, for he will find it there "sure as eggs are eggs"—at fifty cents a dozen.

And still harping on the seasonable subject of presents, let me appeal to your womanly soul, if there is anything so everlastingly acceptable as a

dainty, fancy, handkerchief? Blackstones are "on" to that fact, and have one of the largest and most varied displays of these dainty "nosegays" in the city today. From two bits, up to several plunks, you can select a really acceptable as well as useful mouchoir at the good establishment of Messrs. Blackstone et cie. Such an easy thing to send to a friend in the East or abroad, don't you know? An ordinary envelope doesn't resent carrying it, and putting up gifts in packages and registering is such a nuisance, isn't it? Probably the Blackstones have thought of this, as the most attractive of their Christmas novelties seemed to be little airy fairy things. Chiffon scarfs in flowered and Dresden patterns for the hair and neck in evening wear make a most ravishing effect and are absolutely indispensable once seen and tried on. An ordinary face becomes a beaut in one of those dainty fascinators. Help!

To worry you some more. I want to advise you of the latest things in chiffon ruffs and evening neckwear to be found at Coulter's. Mary Queen of Scots would turn in her grave, and it would make old Queen Bess's red hair grey with envy, if they could see these ruffs, with shower bouquets of baby ribbon and chiffon roses, "all a-growing and a-blowing" down the front. Coulter's has them in all shades of chiffon and also makes them from any pattern that may suit the most erratic fancy. Beautiful opera caps of fancy silks are also appealing to us at Coulter's this week, made by an artist in the establishment. It is quite the correctest and latest thing to have one of these dainty ribboned things to complete an evening toilet. I tell you, Harriet, with ruffs and fluffs of chiffon and lace this season a woman can no longer be "Kiplingly" described, as "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." Coulter's is setting the mark this season in tempting adornments for the "female form divine."

It is no use! The men aren't in it when it comes to fancies and fads for the festive season, but as usual Mr. George P. Taylor is on deck doing the very best he can to prink out the coarser clay of his many patrons. Taylor's is the place to go to my dear, to get the present for hubby that won't be secretly sneered at, and will be absolutely correct, be it a walking stick or a new overcoat.

With the opening of the gay season will come the rush at the various dress making establishments and foremost of course you know in this city is that of the Sisters Terrill on Hill street. They are like prospective winners of the races—keeping very mysteriously quiet just now, but I wouldn't mind

Umbrellas :: ::

¶ For winter rains and holiday remembrances, umbrellas are essential, and our stock presents the practical kinds for personal business use, as well as the handsome styles that delight the recipient on Christmas morning.

¶ From One Dollar to Twelve-fifty, with stylish handles of all sorts.

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Calling Cards for Christmas

You can't think of a gift more appropriate, if faultlessly engraved. But let us have your orders early, for we won't do "rush" work, and risk your dissatisfaction.

FORD SMITH & LITTLE CO.,
313 South Broadway, Next the Ville

betting that this new corset parlor they are about to open "won't do a thing" to the fair figures and forms of the Angels. A friend of mine assured me in all seriousness that dieting and worrying over the worn out question of stoutness was all rubbish and adjured me to go to Terrills—they will make a figure for you, that will satisfy any demand. I can't pretend to explanation their methods, dear, but I understand it is their corsets that make the Venus-like figure we meet day by day in these adorable, tight-fitting gowns. So long have we all looked like sacks of potatoes loosely tied up, that this new svelte business comes as a positive revelation in the mirror and elsewhere. I heard an honest man state in all solemnity the other day (at the Country Club) that he never realized what a "shape" his beloved helpmeet had before. Well these are busy days for us as well as for the turkeys, so fare thee well!

Yours always,

LUCILLE.

Figueroa St., November Twenty-ninth.

New York Fashions.

Unique Cloak and Suit House, Los Angeles.

Gentlemen: I have just sent you eight swell new velvet suits, models that are very new and thoroughly up-to-date. You see a great many velvet suits on Fifth Avenue this season. The colors I sent in these suits are the choicest. I sent only one of each kind.

The separate skirts I sent are entirely new models and I hope they meet with your approval. I also sent you some very new things in street coats in the classy new mixtures as well as the plain tailored coverts in the most popular lengths and models. Ermine in furs seems to have the call this season here. I sent you some pretty pieces yesterday.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. J. J. F.

New York, November 22, 1905.

The Mushroom Gatherer.

We rose an hour before the blink of day,
And with brown osier baskets took our way
O'er pastureland and paddock, glinting grey
With twilight dews that plashed about our feet.
Before me through the fleecy mist she went,
And ever and anon her body bent
To gather milk-white mushrooms, dew-besprent,
That huddled close to wait the noonday heat.
She plucked the brittle domes with fingers deft,
And tenderly the nestling buttons reft
From their green, cosy beds; and right and left
She strayed to glean the meadows' snowy spoil.
By drowsy sheep and dewy-breathing beast
She moved; nor from her aching labour ceased
Till dawn's pale glory shivered up the East,
When, laden with the harvest of her toil,
Her brown hands resting on her lissom hips
She stood a moment, where the meadow dips,
Breathing the dawn with silent, parted lips
That with their dewy drinking glowed more red.
As o'er the bleak wold's edge the young sun leapt
And waked a world that hapt in vapour slept,
Into the dawn with eager foot she stepped,
Her basket poised upon her lifted head.
And as she homeward went my heart kept pace
With her; and never more, in any place,
Since I have seen the dawnlight on her face,
Shall her heart lack my heart's companioning.
For us, while bright against the dusky wood,
With morn-flushed brow and kindling hair she stood,
God made the day and saw that it was good;
And love first taught the labouring heart to sing.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON, in *The Spectator*.

From the Clubs

Indications are that the commendable zeal of the Out Door Art Section, Civic Federation, must be curtailed in order that the school children may have a place to play. Whether to give the school yards over to landscape gardening, or reserve the precious space for the youngsters to get rid of their surplus animal spirits thereon, has become a question to the Board of Education, and the Out Door Section recognizes reason in the complaint of certain teachers that the children are in danger of losing their playgrounds. The Civic League is made up of sensible women, and the Out Door Section has done much for the beautifying of Los Angeles; therefore, a recent request placed before the school board that privilege be given for landscape gardening on the school grounds was granted, with the understanding that the board should have the prerogative of stating where the gardening shall be done.

Many and varied are the expressions of opinion regarding the stand taken by representatives of the Out Door Section for suppression of the Pico Heights Crematory, but the sympathies of many are with the women who oppose the presence of such an institution within the city limits. "The dead must either be buried or cremated," argued someone at the meeting of the Out Door Section this week. "At the same time," said somebody else, "would you like to live next door to a crematory?" To place a crematory in the heart of a growing residence district is not to enhance the value of the property nor yet to please the people residing in the neighborhood, no matter how green the crematory lawns are kept, nor how imposing the structure. Consequently the women of Pico Heights are determined to co-operate with the men for ridding the Heights of the threatened institution. Miss Fannie Fullerton, in reporting the matter to the Section this week, voiced the sentiments of her co-workers in their determination to fight the battle to a finish.

Commending itself to the judgment of all sensible persons, the effort of the Consumers' League to encourage early Christmas shopping promises to be fruitful of good results. Club women throughout

DURABILITY

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in selecting a shoe is its durability.

A good wearable shoe is always
in demand, and there are many
in our stock to select from. --

Innes Shoe Co.,

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MORGAN ROSS, Manager, Coronado Beach, Cal.
H. F. Norcross, general agent, 200 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

Christmas Gifts

With this season we offer a most complete line of tableware representing the genius and skill of the most successful and extensive manufacturers of the continent, consisting of:

Hollowware: Tea Sets and Chafing Dishes, Creams and Sugars, Baking Dishes and Tureens.

Cut Glass: Knife Rests, Decanters, Wine Sets.

Silverware: All the standard patterns of Flatware, Carving and Game Sets, Fancy Pieces and Novelties.

¶ We are prepared to handle all kinds of manufacturing and you are cordially invited to inspect our stock.

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Sunset Main 1311
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the city have signified their intention of complying with the request, and this means that an army of purchasers will have completed their Christmas buying before the final rush. A good example is convincing, and the club woman who has been advocating early shopping will be open to criticism if she is discovered crowding her way into the Christmas eve jam to secure that last necktie for John or the box of candy which she absolutely forgot until the very last minute.

Patent medicines are among other things to be analyzed at the coming session of the Los Angeles District, Federation of Women's Clubs, which will meet next month in Pasadena. Concoctions which contain more alcohol than many frank stimulants and other things objectionable are to form material for a crusade, and it seems that the individual clubs have a well defined idea of taking the matter up, each to decide for itself what may be taken and what must be left on the hands of the manufacturer.

Still pending decision, the Friday Morning Club's proposition to buy a new club house site is creating some anxiety among the members. The committee placed in charge favors the purchase of the lot at the corner of Figueroa and Eighteenth streets, but there are others who want a location on Pico Heights and it is not at all certain just where the club will finally find rest. However, the Friday Morning Club is given to harmonious action, and it is believed the result of the final decision will be generally pleasing.

L. K.

Where Are They?

Mr. and Mrs. Gail B. Johnson are in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Sale are at the Westminster Hotel.

Mrs. Boyle Workman has returned from a two months visit in the east.

Miss May Hunsaker has returned from a visit to friends in San Diego.

Mrs. W. F. Callender and Miss Emma Bates have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry I. Acheul who have been in New York have returned.

W. H. Dehm formerly of San Diego, is spending the holidays in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Ward, of Chicago have arrived here for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leeds were registered at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Huntington have arrived from the East and are at the Van Nuyes.

Miss Harriet Daly of New York, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark, has returned to her home.

Mr. William Morrow, associate editor and treasurer of the American magazine, is visiting here.

Madame Vera de Blumenthal is at present in Switzerland. She will sail for New York December 2.

Ensign Wade, U. S. N., formerly of the U. S. S. Bennington is in San Francisco the guest of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy of Redondo leave next week to spend the holidays in San Francisco.

Mrs. Grace Mellus of 157 W. Adams street is expected home today from a month's stay in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Scripps of Altadena have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. James S. Scripps of Detroit, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Gardiner and son Paul, and Ralph Gardiner will leave Chicago for Los Angeles this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham Babcock of Coronado are visiting Mrs. Babcock's sister, Mrs. John S. Cravens of Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Posey, Mr. Oliver P. Posey, Jr. and Mrs. May Van Giesen have returned from the East and are at the Van Nuys.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. F. Peck and their guest, Mrs. George A. Knight of San Francisco, spent Thanksgiving at El Reposo.

Mr. and Mrs. San Schenck are domiciled in their new home at 1820 Hobart Boulevard where Mrs. Schenck will receive the last Wednesday.

Mrs. R. B. Ashley of 730 West Sixteenth street has as her guests Miss W. K. Hinds and her sister, Mrs. Vesta Williams of Hindsburg, N. Y..

Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Wilson of 7 Chester Place have as their guest Mrs. Marjorie Tate, daughter of Col. and Mrs. John C. Tate of Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kays and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hampton are expected home from their European tour about the 12th inst. They sailed on the 29th ult for home and will come direct through, making no stops in the east. Bishop Conaty has also set his face westward.

Receptions

November 27.—Miss Margery Brown, Hollywood; for Monday Musical Club.

November 27.—Earl Cowan; dinner at Jonathan Club for the Misses McDonald of Dubuque, Iowa.

November 27.—Mrs. C. T. Whitney, 1127 West Twenty-fourth street; card party.

November 28.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Reickenbach, 1511 Howard Boulevard; "500" party.

November 28.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jones, 330 West Thirtieth street; for G. T. O. Club.

November 28.—Miss Catharine Mellus, 157 West Adams street; tea for Miss Alice Gwynne.

November 29.—Mr. Charles Hopper; dinner California Club.

November 30.—Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McPherson, 1312 South Los Angeles street; for card club.

December 1.—Mrs. Warren Gillelen, 1229 South Main street; dinner.

December 2.—Miss Ethelyn Walker, 1125 Luke street; card party.

Anastasia's Date Book

December 4.—Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Kardell, 1028 West Twenty-third street for California card club.

December 5.—Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Valentine, 916 South Alvarado street, for card club.

December 7-8.—Ladies' Boyle Heights Presbyterian church; bazar.

December 8-9.—Boyle Heights Ascension church; bazar.

December 11.—Mrs. H. L. Canfield, 1048 Rockwood street; for whist club.

December 15.—Young Ladies S. M. Club; card party, Hotel Westmore.

December 16.—Mrs. W. R. Burke, 417 West Twenty-third street; charity ball, Los Angeles Chapter U. D. C.

Recent Weddings

November 28.—Miss Olive Louise Ross, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Ross, to Mr. Roy Bunker. Epworth church, November 29.

November 28.—Miss Grace Spreckels, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, San Francisco, to Mr. Alexander Hamilton, San Francisco.

November 29.—Miss Adelia Dora Price, daughter of Mrs. Nellie Price, to Mr. Lewis Dean Mosher, 1316 Wright street.

November 29.—Mrs. Catherine Kane to Mr. Marcus Bradford, at 159 North Mountain View avenue.

November 29.—Miss Edith M. Benson, daughter of Mrs. Emma D. Benson, to Mr. William B. Graham, Christ Episcopal church.

Engagements

Miss Susan M. Burkhard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Burkhard, to Mr. James Campbell Everding.

Miss Fannie Schenck, of Louisville, Ky., to Mr. Arthur C. Koehler, of San Francisco.

Miss Grace L. Harrison to Mr. Joseph H. Brown.



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On the Stage and Off

"Why Smith Left Home" is a capital farce and it is capitably acted by the Belasco company. The central idea upon which the piece is built is evidently that of introducing trade-unionism into domestic service, and exploiting in a humorous fashion the discomforts that would be caused by a union of "cook-ladies" having power to "strike" and bring about sympathetic strikes among the other help, and even to cause an interruption of service from the drivers who deliver the family supplies. The cook in this case is a robust specimen of Hibernian nationality and is appropriately personated by Louise Royce who makes the most of her many opportunities. Another domestic, a demure looking parlor maid, is presented by Virginia Brissac, whose quiet methods and clever facial expression secure to her a triumph of artistic worth. She would do better however if she would take a little advice about her make-up, which is injured by the excess of blue used around the eyes. This style of make-up is out of date, except among chorus girls and is entirely unnecessary to a young lady of Miss Brissac's talent. The principal members of the Belasco company have each an opportunity to disport themselves in an atmosphere of farcical extravagance and keep the audience in continual laughter. Galbraith departs from the accepted delineation of Mr. Smith, who was much better acted as an elderly man by Harry Corson Clark. Galbraith misses one of the best points in the piece by appearing as himself. Howard Scott is good as usual and Miss Lawton has a character peculiarly suited to her limitations. George Barnum, apparently as well in health as ever, revives his Count von Guggenheim, a grotesque German character sketch, like nothing under the sun, but still amusing, although that peculiar style of humor has been done to death since Barnum originated his funny Count. He appears but in two short scenes and just why he is treated as if the success of the farce rested upon his shoulders is difficult to discover. He has done character work of far more important and telling quality in a dozen other pieces here. The Belasco is very happy

in farce and farce-comedy and it is a form of entertainment quite to the liking of the patrons of the house.

At Morosco's "The Judge and the Jury" is in its third and last week. The popularity of the piece has been amply demonstrated, its pecuniary returns being beyond expectation and it will no doubt become one of the standard melodramas and have perennial success. It is to be followed by the excellent stock play, "The Los Paradise" in which Maude Adams once sustained a small part when it was performed at the Grand Opera House in this city some years ago and, needless to say, before the days of her stellar career.

The Orpheum bill this week is very good the single exception being, perhaps, the monologist who yields to the temptation that few in his position can understand, that of taking liberties with language and consequently with his audience. For the rest the entertainment is the best of its kind. Marion Garson the soprano is easily the star of the evening.

Richard Mansfield's forthcoming engagement at the Mason Opera House signalizes his return to this city after an absence of over thirteen years. It was in May 1892 that he played at the Grand for five nights and his repertoire on that occasion comprised "Prince Karl," a piece he seems wisely to have dropped, and three plays which he will now repeat, namely "Beau Brummel," "Jekyll and Hyde" and "A Parisian Romance." We are further to be favored with two Shakespearean masterpieces, "The Merchant of Venice" and "Richard the Third" also with an adaptation of Schiller's "Don Carlos" and of Moliere's "Le Misanthrope." The improvement in the program now offered is a testimony of the advance Mr. Mansfield has made in his art and a great treat may reasonably be expected in the enjoyment of the liberal entertainment promised. The list of plays certainly demonstrates Mr. Mansfield's wonderful versatility and affords good ground for conceding the claim made on his behalf that he is the foremost actor in this country today.

HORATIO.

Invitations have been issued for the first recital of William Waldemar Heathcote who directs the department of Oratory, Shakespearean Interpretation and Dramatic Art in the Dobinson School of Expression and who comes with superior indorsements from dramatic schools of America as reader and lecturer. Following is his program for the recital to be given next Monday evening:

Monologue		
A Peculiar Attack,	Child Impersonation	Phelps
Tommy C'lumbus	Character Sketch	Field
The Arkansas Hanging	Dramatic	Heathcote
The Corsican's Revenge	Shakespearean	Opie Reid
Selections from "Richard III"	"Julius Caesar"	Heathcote
"Macbeth."		

Richard Mansfield's repertoire for his seven appearance in Los Angeles, at the Mason Opera House, will disclose that great artist in seven changes of production and characters. He will act three of his most celebrated modern roles, two great Shakes-

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FORSYTHE AGENTS
Broadway at Third St.

pearean characters, a celebrated Schiller play and a comedy by Molière. The group is unprecedented outside one of the national theaters of Paris or Berlin. The orders of production is: Monday night, December 11, "Beau Brummel;" Tuesday, "King Richard III;" Wednesday, Schiller's tragedy, "Don Carlos;" Thursday, "A Parisian Romance;" Friday, "The Merchant of Venice;" Saturday matinée, Molière's comedy, "The Misanthrope;" Saturday night, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Trusty Tips

Mason—Marguerite Ferguson, who is playing the role of Sidonie, the French Maid, in "The Prince of Pilsen," which comes to the Mason next Monday for three nights, is said to be one of the best dancers the American stage has ever produced. Our old friend, Jess Dandy, is still in the cast.

"The Sho Gun," new to Los Angeles, will follow "The Prince of Pilsen" for the rest of the week. It has been "going big" in San Francisco, and there are a number of clever people in the cast including John E. Henshaw, Agnes Cain Brown and May Ten Broeck. The book is by George Ade and the music by Gustav Luders.

Morosco's—"The Judge and the Jury's" phenomenally successful run will be brought to an end Saturday evening and it will be succeeded by the good old melodrama, saw-mill and all, "The Lost Paradise." All the Burbank favorites in the cast.

Belasco's—William Gillette's comedy "Because She Loved Him So" will be put on by the stock company next week and should prove a capital vehicle for its strength. The comedy was played here some years ago by J. E. Dodson and Annie Irish and is well worth while.

Orpheum—Next week's bill will be headed by the Fadette Ladies' Symphony Orchestra of Boston, conducted by Miss Caroline B. Nichols, a real musical treat such as is only seldom enjoyed even in this temple of varieties. Charles Leonard Fletcher will present a series of artistic impersonations, concluding with an adaptation from the French "At the Telephone." Troba, the famous European juggler and strong man, who does marvelous feats and Lucy and Lucier, comedy acrobats, singers and dancers, will also be features of the new bill.

Grand—The one and only "Buster Brown" will illuminate the atmosphere next week, Outcault's famous and inimitable creation appearing in the midst of a bevy of attractive chorus ladies. The company is Melville B. Raymond's, whose name is usually responsible for good shows. It will be a little different at the Grand next week from the usual menu, but, none the less, should prove acceptable to all concerned.

R. F. Outcault himself will be here next week and will lecture at the Simpson Auditorium next Thursday evening on "Buster Brown" and other humorous incidents of a cartoonist's life.

Tolstoy's "Resurrection" has fallen victim to the opera librettist and his accomplice, the opera composer. Franco Alfano has written the music, and the work will be produced at La Scala, in Milan, in October.

Orpheum

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Both Phones 1447

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FADETTE WOMAN'S ORCHESTRA OF BOSTON,
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TROBA, Herculean Juggler and Equilibrist.
LUCY & LUCIER, in Comedy Sketch "The Fool's Errand."
MARION GARSON, Prima Donna Soprano
PIERCE & MAIZEE, Refined Singers and Dancers
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Matinees every Sat and Sun. 10c, 25c. No higher. Evening
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In the Musical World

They have something venerable and oracular in that unadorned gravity and shortness in the expression.—Pope.

The writer of the subjoined letter especially conditions that, in the interests of modesty, his or her name be not made public.

It is to be feared, however, that internal evidence will mercilessly rend the beshrouding veil and reveal the persuasive personality of this latter-day Defender of the Old Italian Faith—if that be the appropriate term to use. It depends so much, you know, upon how one looks at these things.

Mason Opera House H. C. WYATT Lessee and Manager

Dec. 4, 5, 6, Matinee Wednesday

Henry W. Savage will offer Pixley and Luders' musical comedy, the song-hit success of two continents---

The Prince of Pilsen

JESS DANDY as Hans Wagner, Arthur Donaldson, Ivar Anderson, J. Hayden-Clarendon, James E. Rome, Peter Swift, Louise Willis, Marie Welsh, Ruth Peebles, Marguerite Ferguson, Pauline Huntley, Ida Stanhope. Company of 75 People; special orchestra.

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Mason Opera House H. C. WYATT Lessee and Manager

Dec. 7, 8, 9, Saturday Matinee

Henry W. Savage will offer the Korean Comic Opera;
Book by George Ade; Music by Gustav Luders:

The Sho-Gun

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panist Blanche Williams Robinson.

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50c, 75c and \$1.00. Both phones.

Mr. Frederick Stevenson,
Musical Critic of the Graphic.

Dear Sir—Every time I see the Graphic, I always read with interest your criticisms upon musical matters, and frequently I agree with your opinions, but in the Graphic of November the 3rd, in writing of the vocal branch of music, you make assertions that I cannot pass without comment. It seems to me that you do not realize the many intricacies of the art of singing and therefore do not sufficiently appreciate how much easier it is to criticize than to do. It seems that you wish to reform our present vocal method, which is already so much reformed that we have only a few left of the hosts of good singers of the past, when art was not so scientifically taught as it is at present and with such poor results. Voice is a condition, not a machine subject to improvement. To my mind, your questions are more or less misleading to both intelligent and unintelligent students, and I take this opportunity of discussing these points with you. I speak from twenty years experience as singer, manager and stage manager.

In the vast majority of cases, the vocal teacher should have been a singer, though it is not necessary that he should be still a singer while a teacher. A vocal teacher cannot impart to a student something that he does not know by study and long experience. The non-singing teacher will prove successful in teaching one who is already a master of his vocal instrument to sing an opera or a song, for in such cases the teacher may say to the pupil, "Open this tone; close that other; make this portamento," and etc. But, if such a teacher has to show the pupil the way to do these things, he is at a loss, for he has no method to give him the power to impart such knowledge, which can only be given through demonstrative instruction. Among the exceptions to the rule that a teacher should have been a singer are those great masters of music who have spent their lives in close contact with great singers, such as orchestra leaders for grand opera. These men rehearse the operas and direct them, and a few of them become good teachers, but these are only exceptions. Some names to be found among these exceptions are Pollione Ronzi, Giovanni Pozzo, Persichini, Cav. Scafati, Peopoldo Mugnone, Luigi Mancinelli, Cav. Arturo Vigna and Benjamino Carelli teacher of Enrico Caruso. About Carelli non-singing teacher and not grand opera leader, this is the statement made by Caruso to a musical critic in London, last August, "I merely from him learned to read music with the rudiments of dramatic art."

In speaking of teachers, I put aside all those so-called great instructors who are the devil grass of England and America. Their scientific and physical demonstrations of the intricacies of tone production may be of some use to the teacher who has been a singer, but only mislead the mind of the non-singing teacher and create confusion in the minds of the students. Not one of these mis-called great teachers can point to one eminent artist and say, "This is my pupil alone." They simply trained some of the well-known singers, whose voices were already placed to sing some opera or song in their own style and personal good taste, and at once seized the opportunity for the sake of money making to let the world know that these artists were pupils of their schools. In most cases, the artists, themselves, have forgotten the obscure teacher who guided them through their first years of bitter experience, and to whom they owe such a debt of gratitude.

In Italy, the ideal country of the art of singing, they simply laugh when they hear that in London and Paris there are teachers who charge \$5.00 and \$10.00 a lesson, who have their servants in high uniform and keep their pupils waiting an hour for an audience. In Italy there are only two kinds of teachers. One is the old artist with a broken voice, but who with his solid knowledge is able to train the pupil and guide him through his first years of stage experience, until he is able to guide himself. Then, usually on the suggestion of his former teacher, the pupil goes to one of those masters of music who can teach him the true interpretation of the great composers. Surely it is only when he

has attained to this degree of experience that the pupil is ready to understand the meaning of that ideal and illustrative lesson which you suggest to give to him when he is not ready to receive it.

Theory will never make artists. The stage alone makes artists and all artists start as parrots throughout the world. It is only after years of stage experience that some can free themselves from the influence of their former models. Others remain parrots all their lives, and believe me, dear Mr. Stevenson, there are some very good ones, so good that no one knows whether they are parrots or not. This also is art.

And now about bringing up that deep emotional feeling to the same degree in every student. I will admit it only when you prove to me that with the laws of the Latin races you can rule the Anglo Saxon people and vice versa. Take, for instance, the pathetic role of Amina in *Sonnambola* and Violetta in Verdi's *Traviata*. An artist singing both these roles will be uneasy in one, a forced parrot giving only an imitation of the feeling of her teacher, and in the other she will be natural.

Trusting that we may amicably settle our differences of opinion, I am,

Very truly yours,

It may be at once conceded frankly that the letter makes excellent reading. The several points are plainly set forth and, seeing that the writer is a teaching singer, there is small room for wonder that he takes strong exception to the decided opinions of the **Graphic** article.

Nevertheless, candor compels the sad confession that my critic partially destroys his forcible arraignment by crashing head-on into several errors of fact and not a few of at least dubious assertion.

First, we are credited with a desire to reform our present vocal method. That depends. If to reform our present vocal method is to scout and flout the tonal idea of the Melba-Eames-Marchesi school, with its thin nasal twang and brittle metallic yag, then we plead guilty, and throw in all possible scorn for full measure. Moreover, if it be either asserted or assumed that the present vocal method of a majority of the so-called great artists is identical with the method of the old-time Italian singers, great or small, then we say with all positiveness that nothing could well be further from the truth.

Probably even before my critic opened his little blinkers on a work-a-day world we were studying the method of the true Italian school and revelling in the exuberant lusciousness and thrilling magnetism of the glorious voices of the old Covent Garden regime; and, maledicite! there is, of a surety, as wide a gulf fixed between the noble singers of Then and the palate pushers of Now as there was between Abraham and Lazarus in the fine old theological times of Hell and Damnation.

My critic further asserts that the editor of this column does not realize the many intricacies of the art of singing and therefore does not sufficiently appreciate how much easier it is to criticise than to do. Possibly; but we are inclined to doubt it—for that would be to have learned nothing of experience, a thing utterly inconceivable. On the contrary, we have so full a sense of appreciation of how tremendously difficult a thing is it to do an exquisite deed of song that we see plainly how not one among us can suffice to satisfy even our friendly contributor—whereas even the tiniest toddler knows that to be a full-fledged critic one needs merely to grab a stubbed pen and jab away gaily at anything that comes within inking distance.

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is that the "voice is a condition, not a machine subject to improvement." If that be true, we singing masters are, logically, the biggest tribe of swindlers that ever blistered the earth. That there is a purely idiosyncratic gift of voice in each separate throat no sane man will deny for a moment; but that one singer in a thousand uses the native quality in its integrity not even the craziest of our kind would care to contend. The singing world is simply one teeming mass of evidence that the original voice can in short order become any one of a dozen types, for good or for evil, just according to the ideals and methods of the teacher who undertakes to mold its placement.

Fourthly, our correspondent makes the not uncommon error of looking at everything from an operative standpoint—than which nothing could be further removed from the purport of the article referred to. We wrote in the interest of students in the main—of whom not more than one in a thousand

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begs to give notice that his class for voice production and singing is now held at 7:45 P. M. Saturdays. Monthly tickets \$2.00. School Teachers free.

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ever put foot on the stage or, thank God, is ever likely to do so.

To our mind, the task that voice-masters should set determinedly before their eyes is the making and upbuilding of bright, sympathetic young singers for home comfort and social enjoyment. Once and again, it may be, there will blossom forth an exceptional bud which may well go on to full flower and generous fruitage; but this exception is infinitely more rare than teachers can bring themselves to believe—as the yearly crop of bitter failures only too sadly goes to prove.

How many of you professed singers are a comfort to your family? How many of you really give any comfort to one single music-hungry soul? How many of you have spent, or are spending, a small fortune in the getting of nothing but a tinkling, wiry pinched-up pretence of a tone that is fit for little else than flirtatious duetting with a querulous old bagpipe? We have asked this question in these columns before, and we ask it again.

Do you think the Lord God Almighty, or Nature, if you will, is responsible for the atrocities of this order? Fudge! Rather is it man's folly and woman's vain imagining which will insist on supplanting the spontaneous, lovable, restful, velvet tone of infinite content by a modern thing of so hideous a mien that it ought to be as impossible as it is indescribable.

And do you ask why these wretched doings continue to be done. For many specious and altogether unnecessary reasons. First, from a morbid craze for ultra-resonance and brilliancy. Second, from a craving for power—anything to flood the house with tonal volume. Third, from the weak-kneed kowtowing to big names—partly from awe, and partly from a merciful desire to spare the celebrities' feelings. Four, from feverish ambition to strut the stage because somebody says—well, you know how the golden apple is always being dangled before the bewitched eyes. (And you know full well, too, how big a core there is going to be to that apple.) Five, in the copying and imitating of the supposed successful ones—despite the fact that we both deride their work and know the cause of their miserable undoing.

Ah, yes, indeed. And in this copying, we firmly believe, lies the chief evil. So much so, that we assert the more strenuously that, when it comes to a question of tuition, the path of learning should ever run between the sunlit hedgerows of intellectuality and ideality rather than between the benighted walls of example and imitation—dotted though they may be with numberless Galateaed Personages of the days which are, as they should be, past and gone.

No, no. If, in this imitative process, there must be taken a certain pound of bad with every ounce of good—an absolutely sure result, seeing that humanity is far more prone to mimic the wrong than to embrace the right—then, the risk is far too great, the balance all on the wrong side, the failure almost inevitable.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

Mr. Harry Barnhart has secured as soloists for his production of the "Messiah" Mr. Henshaw, basso of Chicago, and Beatrice Hubbell Plummer, soprano, of Indianapolis, Ind. The event will take place at Simpson Auditorium on Thursday evening, December 21.

The Ellery Band, an even more splendid aggregation of true musicians than ever before, has managed to put new life into Venice. The band is giving two programs a day of excellent music in the Venetian garden—into which the pier auditorium has been happily transformed. Ferullo is as ecstatic as ever, occasionally indeed leaps almost out of his jacket, but the power he wields over his men and his audiences is magnetic indeed. Channing Ellery selects his programs in a way that only a true musician can and he positively refuses to pander to vulgar or inane "tastes." But the band should play the programs as advertised. Last Sunday evening I went down to Venice especially to hear Batiste's Organ Offertory, instead of which Ferullo gave, to my disgust and apparently everybody else's delight, the inevitable "Lucia" Sextet. It was very fine but not what I went out for to hear. The best musical organization of its kind in the country is established at Venice for the season and should provide many a rare treat for all lovers of music in Southern California. The only drawback is insufficient and irregular car service, which no doubt Messrs. Sherman and Clark may see fit to remedy as soon as the crowds at the Ellery concert seem to them to warrant first-class service. But these considerations are inseparably dependent on each other. In the meantime you can get a truly continental flavor at Lawton's, good viands and excellent beverages, either on the refurbished ship, Cabrito, or in the palm gardens of the Auditorium, and in the latter enjoy as inspiring music as ear has ever listened to.

The famous Wagnerian singer, Marianna Brandt, has published an article in which she says that more men's voices are spoiled by the wearing of high stiff collars than by any other cause. Madame Brandt declares that all the vocal chords suffer greatly and the entire blood circulation is rendered defective by this fashionable strangulation.

At Blanchard hall next Wednesday evening, a program of Scandinavian music will be given, consisting of groups of ballads, piano numbers, and selections from Scandinavian grand opera. The artists are: Peje Storek, pianist, representing Sweden; Miss Christina Dietrichsen, soprano, Norway; John Haae Zinek, tenor, Denmark; the accompanist, Blanche Williams Robinson. The composers represented will be Pete Heise, Eduard Grieg, Petersen Bergen, Halfdan Kjerulff, August Enna, Sodenberg Dannstrom, Hartman, Dulgig Schytte and others.

J. A. Rosesteel, 651 South Broadway, reports that his 1906 Haynes are selling well, and expects another carload this week. His first cars are all sold.

The Middleton Motor Car Co., 116 E. Third street, will handle Columbias and Autocars again the coming year, but no data have as yet been received regarding the cars. The first shipment of 1906 models is due to arrive in two or three weeks.

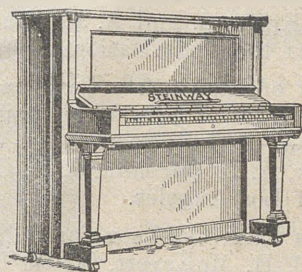
Ralph Hamlin, manager of the Franklin Motor Car Co., 1806 South Main street, reports the sale of a Franklin car to Dr. E. A. McDonald of Redlands. Last week he went to Redlands in the new car with Dr. McDonald, making the trip in three and three-quarters hours, which was very good time. Mr. Hamlin states that before the last rains he found the roads between Los Angeles and Redlands in very good condition.

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9 to 11 a.m. 2 to 5 p.m.

Financial

The controlling stockholders of the American National Bank have just refused a flattering offer for enough stock to control the institution. The offer came from Eastern capitalists.

Advices from Washington state that an application has been approved by the comptroller of the currency from Geo. Chaffey, J. G. Mossin, T. W. Phelps, H. E. Swan, and A. F. Chaffey, for the organization of the First National Bank of Upland.

The Bank of Huntington Park has been incorporated with capital of \$25,000 all paid in. Directors, F. M. Douglas of Hollywood, A. E. Walters of Huntington Park, A. L. Burbank, J. H. C. Wilson and E. V. Baker of Los Angeles.

A savings bank has been formed at Santa Paula. Directors, B. H. McKeveatt, N. W. Blanchard, F. E. Davis, B. W. Mott and C. V. Teague.

Burbank is to have a banking institution, probably backed by one of the large banks of Los Angeles. Tetley and Fraser of Riverside are the movers in the enterprise. It is said the stock will be controlled largely by Burbank capitalists.

The Fillmore State Bank has opened for business in the Hineckley drug store building. Norman F. Maw is cashier.

The German American and Union Bank of Savings have united and will be known as the German American Savings Bank and will conduct business at 223 South Spring street.

The directorate of the American Bank and Trust Company of Pasadena has been increased to ten members, who are William D. Turner, D. Galbraith,

W. B. Loughery, John S. Gove, A. J. Bertonneau, H. H. Goodrich, Isaac Springer, Dr. G. Roscoe Thomas, T. D. Allin and Ira J. H. Sykes.

The Market and Produce bank at Third street and Towne avenue is open. The new bank is designed to meet a necessity that has long been recognized as existing. The doors will be open at 7 o'clock in the morning and will remain open until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. This will give many of the marketmen an opportunity to deposit their money that otherwise they would not have, and it is expected that the bank will do a large business. Many Chinese figure as stockholders. Among the principal Chinese merchants who have taken stock in the new bank are George Lem, Louie Gwan, Lem Yen, Gon Kee John, the Canton Company, Jung Chong, Mock Hop, Lou Song Kai, Soue Wey, Loew Tong, Lee Shing and Wuoo Wey Kee. The American men of prominence in the organization are W. A. Bonyng, C. S. Marston, Newman Essick, J. O. Butler, J. Royal Lemon, J. W. McKinley, W. A. Henry, A. M. Klein, H. Y. Stanley, J. W. Beaseley, S. E. Knapp and L. Shorten.

P. Sandoval & Company of Nogales, Ariz., have opened their branch office in Los Angeles, in the Union Trust building. They are bankers and brokers.

Bonds

The city of Corona is to buy the lot adjoining the present city hall and a building will be erected if the necessary bond issue carries.

City Engineer James of Santa Monica has submitted an estimate on the cost of the municipal

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In management, considerate of customers' needs, we solicit your bank account. Six hundred thousand dollars capital and surplus, and the unlimited liability of its stockholders afford absolute security to depositors with this institution.

Total Resources, **\$13,700,000.00**

Security Savings Bank

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Largest Savings Bank in Southern California

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*High Class Residence and Business
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I take complete charge of property
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water system. This estimate calls for the expenditure of \$240,000, of which \$53,000 is required for engine house, engines and pumps. This includes the driving of wells and standing pipes. There is an item of \$15,000 for a reservoir at elevation of 300 feet. Forty-two thousand feet of different sized pipe will be required and to buy and lay it will cost \$98,000.

The Adams Phillips Company of Los Angeles have paid \$137,185 for the issue of bonds for the construction of water mains in San Diego.

As soon as the board of education decides on the sum of bonds needed for the schools of Pasadena the public will be asked to vote on same.

The bonds of Monrovia have been sold and brought over 8 per cent premium. There was an issue of \$26,000 dated 1905 and bearing five per cent interest.

Notice is given to the qualified electors of Tropic school district that an election will be held December 16, to vote on the issuing of bonds to the amount of \$5000 for purchasing lots and the erecting of buildings.

Notice is given that an election will be held at Santa Monica December 9, for the purpose of voting on bonds for the purchasing of school lots, for building and insuring buildings. Amount of bonds \$15,000 and to bear interest at 4½ per cent per annum.

Fielding J. Stilson Co.

Paid up Capital \$150,000

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CAPITAL \$500,000.00

DEPOSITS \$2,000,000.00

Dollar Savings Bank & Trust Co.

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CAPITAL \$100,000

4% Paid on Term Deposits.

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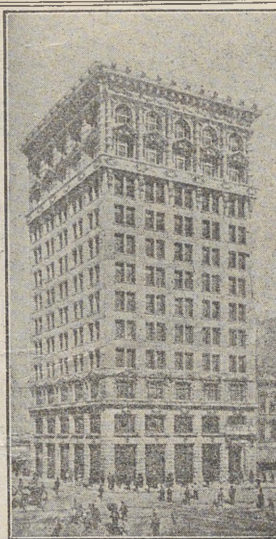
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SOUTHERN CAL. SAVINGS BANK, Fourth and Spring Sts.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Wilcox Bldg., Cor. Second and Spring
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Statement at Close of Business, Nov. 9th, 1905

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	\$9,483,901.09	Capital Stock	\$1,250,000.00
Overdrafts	49,751.18	Surplus	250,000.00
U. S. Bonds	1,559,000.00	Undivided Profits	2,609,437.76
Premium on U. S. Bonds	55,169.24	Circulation	793,500.00
Bonds	787,100.10	Deposits	13,628,038.74
Due from U. S.			
Treasurer	87,500.00		
Furniture and Fixtures	29,240.23		
Cash	\$3,055,418.64		
Due from other banks			
	3,423,846.02		
	6,479,264.66		
			\$18,530,976.50

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN

**4% INTEREST PAID ON
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Bishop's Rubidoux Chocolates

The holiday Confection

this year will be Bishop's Rubidoux Chocolates. The beautiful fancy boxes we are packing them in make handsome gifts, and the outside is only an index to the goodness inside.

You can buy Rubidoux Chocolates from every good dealer and they are sold in eighteen states besides California. Treat yourself to a jar of our Rubidoux Sweet-heart Chocolates. In glass jars, 50c.

Bishop & Company

Four Gold Medals, Portland Exposition—
Jellies, Jams, Preserves, Crystallized Fruits; Cat-
sup, and one for General Exhibits.

The Puritas Process

Double distillation removes from Puritas the flat, insipid taste common to other distilled water.

Pure, twice filtered air is forced through it, adding its snap and sparkle to the water.

Without coming in contact with anything else, Puritas is run into thoroughly cleansed demijohns, rinsed with Puritas. Corking and sealing follow at once, maintaining and guaranteeing the purity of Puritas until it reaches you. Sparkling, healthful water from the first glassful to the last drops. Protection for you and yours in its purity.

5 Gallons, 40c.

Phone Exchange 6



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Rich, rare, pleasantly palatable Edam and, Pineapple Cheese—imported direct. What is more delightful to the inner man than a dainty morsel of Dutch Holland pure cheese—made by the world's master cheese makers? Just the proper termination for your dinner. Each cheese is full weight—about 4 pounds—\$1.25 each.

Pineapple Cheese in three sizes—
45c, 60c, \$1.10

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Lily Cream is a heavy, double-thick cream, sold by most Grocers.

We send a very pretty Lily Cream Pin Cushion free to everyone sending in twelve Lily Cream Wrappers.

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